The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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ALL THE LATEST SPORTING NEWS.

A MADMAN MURDERS HIS SWEETHEART.

Terrible Tragedy at Lille, in France.

The Mirror of Life

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All communications must be accompanied by the sender's name and address to ensure absolute confidence, and addressed to the Editor, and no answers will be sent by post, "THE MIRROR OF LIFE," Ltd., 172, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TED WICKWAR (Leicester).—Send in your own report.

STARLIGHT (Deptford).—No. Out of courtesy give notice to the police of the district, but this even is not necessary if you conduct your school of arms properly. Boxing is no more unlawful than billiards.

E. CHURCH (Richmond, Surrey).—Yes, photos are full length.

T. SAUL.—It is the name of the sender of the cablegram.

J. W. GOTT (Bradford Gymnasium).—Harry Hughes and his son Johnny Hughes will be at Stalybridge next Friday for a week. Write to him there.

DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE (Whitechapel Road). The original bust of Tom Sayers has no more value than the original bust of any other professor of pugilism or politics. There are some persons who treasure up everything appertaining to Sayers. To these, if able to buy, it would be priceless, but to the ordinary individual it would be simply an ornament worth a few shillings.

J. B. I.—If the stake with the odds is equally divided it will be correct.

G. TAYLER.—1. Played under different conditions in many places. 2. Therefore local rules would govern the decision. 3. Cannot say.

C. WARD.—1. Established in 1834. Boxed with 8oz gloves. 2. Never.

T. HART.—Tom Sayers weighed 10st 12lb and stood 5ft 8¼in in height.

A. BUCKLEY.—He won in seven rounds.

D. A. E.—1. 11st 4lb is the correct weight. 2. Nothing over.

F. I. A.—No trotting meetings are held there now.

A. C.—Four-ounce gloves were used.

H. BIRD.—Red jacket, green sash.

T. S.—1. Tom Sayers and Jem Mace never fought. 2. Sayers had retired.

C. AUSTIN.—1. The money is put together and divided. 2. A trifle out.

GEORGE FELL.—It is out of print.

TED ROGERS.—Your letters should have been signed. We do not publish anonymous communications.

W. L.—1. John C. Heenan died at Green River Station, Wyoming, October 25, 1873. 2. Buried at Albany, New York.

A. M. B.—Entrance is obtained by ticket only from members, and subject to the approval of the management.

T. JENKINS.—The club you mention is not in existence.

C. WILSON.—Tom Cribb was called the "Black Diamond," not because he was a coloured man, but a coal heaver.

A. WALTERS.—The record was made on the grass.

INQUIRER.—1. Commence with a 2lb dumbbell. 2. They are made hollow and filled with lead shot.

H. C. WOTTON.—No, it was removed some years ago.

D. RICHARDS.—A man on one knee is considered down.

T. S. BENTLEY.—1. Professor Newton holds classes near Islington, which would suit you. 2. Write or call.

H. WESTHOUSE.—1. Probably the smartest and quickest boxer. 2. The other is a fighter.

H. J. LAWES.—He always drew the colour line.

(Several Answers crowded out

AMERICAN BOXERS IN SEARCH OF ENGLISH OPPONENTS.

A FAMINE IN THE LAND—A BOXING FAMINE.

FRANK ERNE v. TERRY McGOVERN.

GUS RUHLIN UNABLE TO REALISE HIS AMBITION AND MEET CHAMPION JEM JEFFRIES.

AS A SUBSTITUTE MADDEN'S BIG 'UN TAKES ON THE ELDERLY FITZSIMMONS.

DICK BURGE WISHES TO MAKE A MATCH WITH JACK EVERHARDT FOR A PROHIBITIVE SUM.

Two well-known American boxers, great at their respective weights, are now in or shortly to arrive in this country—Jack Everhardt and Charley McKeever—with only one English boxer capable of extending them—"Dido" Plumb. "Dido" has been singularly fortunate in meeting natives of other climes. "Dido's" first scalp was that of Fred Morris, the black "Cyclone." Another stranger as well-known in America as in Australia landed on these shores, Billy Edwards, and after a consultation at the British headquarters of boxing, "Dido" Plumb was again selected. Thus was another scalp added to "Dido's" string, but this was a very lucky win for the Stoke Newington lad. Edwards, thinking he had his man set, went in to finish him, the tables being very much turned, Billy Edwards, the intended finisher, being finished by "Dido" Plumb. Another youth from across the "salt say" craved the indulgence of the N.S.C., and the stock man "Dido" was again selected to do battle with the Australia-cum-America boxer, Jemmy Ryan. Those who had visited America and seen Ryan perform in earnest were very sweet upon his chance, one young gentleman—a millionaire—who was seen in Ryan's corner more particularly so. Again the odds were upset, and "Dido" Plumb added another scalp to his already handsome complement. As the Irishman said, "Luck is everything." You can't beat luck, and, judging by the many times "Dido" has pulled an apparently hopeless battle from the fire, we should not be surprised were "Dido" brought *vi et armis* from the bar of the Stack Rock, South Hornsey, of which he is part proprietor, to the N.S.C., without any more preparation than the drawing of beer affords, to meet either bit of American produce, his luck would carry him safely through. Before Charley McKeever landed on these shores, "Dido" received a communication at the above house from the N.S.C. as to whether he (Plumb) would be willing to meet Charley McKeever and inaugurate the coming boxing season with a contest in which the combatants would certainly be on the heavier side than the midgets who are in the habit of baring their buff to the Corinthian element at headquarters. The American is a cleanly-built 11st man—a boxing 11st man—and standing as he does nearly 5ft 8in, McKeever would be physically "Dido's" counterpart. As for science, he fights after the manner of the Mysterious One, who gave such an exemplification of his boxing powers some four years ago at the Store Street Hall to three British-born boxers, all 11-stoners, one down t'other come on. McKeever is a hurricane fighter, we will not say bounder in the sense in which the word is understood here; but the American's method of boxing is one which of late years we have become familiar—a bound and a punch. How this hurricane method of fighting was stopped by Gus Ruhlin is fresh in the memory of our readers; but how it could be stopped is a gospel which we have preached almost since THE MIRROR OF LIFE became an institution. It will not be the first time the American has met an Englishman, for we notice in McKeever's record a victory over Stanton Abbott. Stanton Abbott must have considerably filled out to have met a man of McKeever's present weight and inches, or McKeever must have met Stanton when his poundage entitled him to a place in the feather-weight class. When Stanton Abbott left England the lad could not have been more than 9st, for Stanton contended at St. Stephen's Hall, Royal Aquarium, for a belt given by the late Andy Anderson, and entitled "Jack Davis's diamond belt." This competition was for something between 8st and 9st. In it we saw Stanton Abbott meet Bill Baxter (then at his best), with bad results for Abbott. Under the mentorship of Barney Sheppard, however, Stanton improved somewhat, and when he visited the States, now nearly ten years since, Stanton managed to score with the best pretty often. Abbott had a great friend in Westminster—a butcher—who must have taught Stanton a few tricks of the trade, for when we last heard from the lad he had settled down and taken on the butchering business. We may here remark *en passant* that Stanton Abbott is not the boxer's legitimate name, and that prior to taking on the profession of boxer he worked for Smith and Sons, the great newsvendors, in the library department.

We notice that Dick Burge has replied to a challenge from Jack Everhardt, putting on one side the question of a purse, and offering to box the American for £500. Dick Burge knows this is prohibitive stake money, and only a means of advertisement to help him (Burge) while racing. However, if this £500 is real live money, and not newspaper talk, we don't know any person but Burge who would table the money, for we should think the blindest mug in Christendom would think, not once, or twice, but a dozen times before posting the cole for Dick after the exposure of Burge's form with Bobby Dobbs and the subsequent proceedings.

For the present, at least, we are denied the battle of the giants. With rushes of the Sharkeyite order something must go, and Jem Jeffries's good left hand has suffered to such an extent that the hopes of the Fancy, as far as the meeting of Ruhlin and Jeffries is concerned, are dashed. Had these two men met within the roped enclosure they would have made a record, that is, as far as avoirdupois is concerned. There have been heavier men than Gus Ruhlin contend in the classic circle for fistic honours, notably Freeman, the American giant, who beat the "Tipton Slasher," but we doubt whether two men of the poundage of the ex-boiler maker and the Akron Giant have ever entered the ring. The great O'Baldwin was a big lot when he contended with that sample of an English yeoman, the late Andrew Marsden, of Nottingham, but although Ned O'Baldwin stood 6ft 5½in in his stocking feet he was very "gentale." The nearest approach to Jeffries and Ruhlin in modern fisticuffs we should consider Gully and Gregson. The two G's both stood considerably over six feet, and were stout in proportion; but if we go back to the earlier days of the prize-ring we find one Perrius, a worker in iron, who was a perfect monster of muscularity and strength. This was in the days when pugilistic champions of England were no chickens. It is related of Tom Johnson, who fought Perrins (Johnson was a corn porter), that when a mate was ill, in order that the man's wife should not be the loser while her husband was laid up, Johnson carried two sacks of corn instead of one (his mate's and his own), something like 500lb every journey. Where, we ask, is the modern Briton who could do so now?

Perhaps it is a good thing for Gus Ruhlin and his mentor and manager, Billy Madden, that the hand of Jem Jeffries will not allow him to face the music. Had the Akron Giant defeated Jeffries he would have been in the position of Alexander, with no more worlds to conquer. Beyond Jem Jeffries Gus Ruhlin could not go. Gus Ruhlin then, owing to too much ability, would be in the position known to actors as resting. As it is, Messrs. Madden, Corbett, Ruhlin, and Co. are certain of two big gates, for Ruhlin and Jeffries are as sure as most things to come together in the dim and distant future. When Fitzsimmons had to forego his engagement with Gus Ruhlin owing to the bite of his pet lion, which caused an abscess to form in Bob's good left hand, it looked as if Jeffries would have first chance with the new champion; but evidently it is a case of bones to mend with Jem Jeffries, and we all know that the injury is not a simple one when the faculty place the poor patient's extremities in plaister of Paris. The mischief of Jeffries' enforced idleness will be that he will put on an enormous quantity of flesh, which will want some boiling off. Jem is a rare trencherman, and does not curb his appetite. He takes on the whole of a course, and does not gallop through. The ex-drummer takes it all on, and welts the menu in the same manner as in the long ago he used to welt the red hot rivets in the boilers which are now doing service all over the world.

It is said that Fitzsimmons has a dozen ways of fighting. If one style does not succeed, Bob tries another, and so on. By this time the ex-farrier has come to the conclusion that meeting Gus Ruhlin is not like shoeing horses, and that he will have to put in as many dodges as the "Artful" if he wishes to come out on top. The fixture is still a long way off, and something may happen in the meantime; but judging by what both men have done, and are still capable of doing, Fitzsimmons must be going for the small end of the purse, for on form we cannot see how anything but an accident can give the battle to Fitzsimmons. If youth must be served, in Ruhlin we have youth. If strength must be served, in Ruhlin we have strength. If science must be served, in Ruhlin we have science; for it would have puzzled even the hardy farrier to have stopped the fierce rushes of Sharkey in a more tradesmanlike manner than did Gus Ruhlin. The Akron Giant is not the man if he gets a punch home to stand grinning at his handiwork—a performance so much in vogue with the pugs. at the present time. There is no frivolity with Ruhlin, one punch is followed by another; and when the iron is hot Gus never neglects to strike it.

After Erne's expression of contempt for his opponent, "Little Terry McGovern," and his remark how with a bit of salt he would make a meal of the little champion, it comes as a surprise to most persons Erne's defeat not in ten, the stipulated number of rounds, but in three. Theory is all very well, but when that theory, as in the case of Erne, is reduced to practice it pans out very differently. On the face of this encounter a champion feather-weight is knocked out by a bantam, for Terry can fight easily at bantam-weight. We shall have more to say about this remarkable contest next week.

HARRY CLIFTON.

The Noted Musical Performer in Dublin, and Lucky Tipster.

(With Portrait.)

HARRY CLIFTON has been very successful, and is well known to a large circle of racegoers. His talent as a tipster stands unrivalled, and the song, "If I Am Only On the Winner," brings down the house.

OUR LETTER BOX.

LETTERS are lying at our office for:—

Jack O'Donnell.
Dick Jordan.
Ben Jordan.
J. W. Abbott.
Charley Knox.
Frank Kempton.
Sam Fitzpatrick.
Bobby Dobbs (two).
Frank Leon.
"Dido" Plumb.
P. J. King.
Billy Ross.
Alf Ball.
Driver Pincher.
Charles Mitchell.
R. H. Page.
George Slark.
Ernie Greaves.
H. Chance Newton.
Robert Fitzsimmons (three).
Billy Plimmer.
Claude Thompson.
Ted Wakeham.
C. McCoy.
George Fox Giles.
J. Corbett.
P. Gorman.
Alec Hurley.
Jem Holloway.
John F. White (two).
Jem Hall.
"Greek" George.

THE FASTEST MILE ON RECORD for a Racehorse.—Caiman's 1min 33 1-5sec, accomplished at Lingfield, is the best authenticated English mile time yet recorded.

AMERICAN GOSSIP.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

EDITOR, THE MIRROR OF LIFE, London.

NEW YORK, July 7, 1900.

A SCHOOL OF BOXING WILL BE opened in Madison Square Garden on the night of July 16. Two professors—Terence McGovern, PUG., and Frank Erne, BOXER, will hold down the "chairs." The game of "Hit, stop, and get away," will be demonstrated to dyed-in-the-wool, thoroughbred sports, such as only the City of Gotham and "Scrappers" can line up, when the "champs" are holding forth. These two past masters of the game of the "mystic square" will dish up a practical demonstration of their art that will bring tears of joy to the eye of the chap that delights to sit on the bleachers and yell his head off rooting for "de chamois pushers." Erne, good-looking, gentlemanly Erne, dancing in on his tiptoes, feeling with those sensitive, clever hands for the opening that will carry him to victory and glory; guarding, side-stepping, resorting to every trick of the trade that only such a past master has at his command; waiting patiently for a chance to cross over that "soporific" right—that right that has stretched on the canvas so many an aspirant for the crown which he so ably holds. That is Erne and his lesson—that the crackerjack boxer, the man with a trip-hammer right ready to meet the charge that breaks through the outposts of cleverness, the boxer, who is also a fighter—and hence a champion. That is lesson one—maybe second in importance before the night's tale is told. He of the PUG professorship—"Terrible" Terry—gives the other lesson, a lesson that deals with thunder and lightning, with trip-hammers and earthquakes with any and every old thing that resembles a mad bull, madder than a March hare, battering its way through City Hall Park on election night. Terry's lesson was, a few months back, numbered among the dead languages; the chap who could only fight and didn't know the P's and Q's of cleverness was a "back number." Then Professor Terence came along and dug up a new vocabulary, adapted it to the slugging alphabet, and established a school which, up to date, has been a glowing success for the founder. No one else, however, has been able to staud the pace that Terry cut out. He's in a class by himself. To attempt to compare his style with anything in the fighting line that ever ambled down the highway would be as useless as trying to run a "shoestring" into the Bank of England. Terence "don't know nawthing" when there's any boxing going the rounds, but he's there in a bunce, galloping under double wraps, in a "scrap." Therefore, we'll label Terry's lesson "Fight," and let it go at that. Wait until July 16, and then take your pick. Both Frank Erne and Terry McGovern are in active training for their bout in Madison Square Garden on Monday next. McGovern is doing his work at Johnson's road house in Westchester, while Erne is getting in condition on the shores of Shrewsbury. Erne, who has been doing some light work for the past few weeks at his home in Buffalo, arrived at Fair Haven, accompanied by his mother and three trainers, on Friday last. After getting his training paraphernalia in shape, he started into active work on Saturday. He realises that in order to get to the required weight—128 pounds—at the ring side, that he will have to do unusually hard work, and the road and gymnasium work that he has mapped out for himself would strike terror to the ordinary athlete. Unless the unexpected should happen, Gus Ruhlin, the "Akron Giant," and Jim Jeffries will be matched next Monday to fight for the heavy-weight championship. As soon as Billy Madden, who is now at Boston, learned that the champion had posted $2,500 with Al Smith, he notified the latter that he would be in town on next Monday and cover the money. In his message to Smith, Madden states that the fight must be decided here before the law which abolishes boxing goes into effect. Madden is alive to the fact that he can get more money here than elsewhere. Should Jeffries refuse to fight until after September 1 Ruhlin will arrange a match with Bob Fitzsimmons. Those who know the condition of the champion best declare that his arm is in a bad way, and that it will be impossible for him to get in good trim before September. Jeffries, however, has hopes that it will be all right within a short time. Meanwhile Fitzsimmons is doing considerable training. His bad hand is on the mend, and the former champion is confident that it will be all right within a short time. Gus Ruhlin received $5,587 for defeating Tom Sharkey, at the Seaside Sporting Club last week, while Sharkey, for losing, got $3,008. The men fought for 60 per cent. of the gross receipts, of which the winner got 65 per cent. and the loser 35. The total receipts of the fight, according to Billy Madden, were $14,327. Billy Madden, who recently resigned his position as referee of the Seaside Sporting Club, has turned out to be a high-priced referee. After resigning Madden said he would never referee again unless he got $100. As he was selected by Dave Sullivan and "Kid" Broad to judge their battle to-morrow night the club officials will therefore be compelled to pay him his price. Tom Sharkey is travelling through Michigan these days with Bob Armstrong, his trainer. He is to appear in an exhibition bout to-morrow at Ishpeming. He says he will return to New York soon and seek another match with Ruhlin. If he fails to get it he will sail for Ireland to see his parents. At the Sampson A.C., the attraction was a twenty rounds bout between Jimmy Maloney, the Irish light-weight, and Dick Beames, of Brooklyn. Maloney has the reputation of being a hard-hitter, and he demonstrated that fact to perfection last night, by sending Beames to the floor about seven times in the first two rounds, finally knocking him out in the third round with a heavy swing on the jaw. Solly Smith's bad arm, which was injured in his fight with Dave Sullivan, a year ago, is still giving him trouble. He went to the Harlem Hospital Saturday night and an examination showed it to be badly sprained. The injury was received in his recent fight with Bernstein. The arm was placed in a plaster. Oscar Gardner and Jack McClelland, the latter of Pittsburg, fought at Millvale last night. The battle was the fastest ever seen in this locality, and lasted twenty rounds. The result was a draw. The betting was 2 to 1 on Gardner. John Graham, athletic director of the Boston A.A., has been selected by the Athletic Committee at Harvard to coach and train the track teams of the future. Graham will assume his new duties next fall. He will succeed Jim Lathrop. When J. W. Hallowell was elected captain of the track team he at once began negotiations with Graham. This was done with the consent of the Athletic Committee. The B.A.A. was agreeable to allowing Graham to devote part of his time to the Harvard men, and the latter in turn will allow him to look after athletes at the B.A.A. evenings. Lathrop, who has been identified with Harvard's track matters for sixteen years, it is rumoured, will sign with the University of Pennsylvania to train its track men. Graham is thirty-nine years old, and for the past twenty years has been identified with athletic matters. He was born in England, and prior to coming to this country was quite a runner. His first work in the athletic training line was with Jim Robinson, as an assistant. For several years he was assistant to Dr. Sargent at the Harvard summer school, and while there trained pugilist Jim Carney for his fight with Jack McAuliffe for the light-weight championship. He was the first superintendent of the Charles Bank Gymnasium of Boston, where the best athletes in these parts have put in their training. He later accepted the place of athletic director of the B.A.A. For the past year he has been official handicapper of the New England A.A.A.U. He coached the Bowdoin College track team when it won the New England intercollegiate championships, and also had charge of the Hopkinson School track team when it won the New England interscholastic championships. Graham was manager of the Boston A.A. track team that competed at the Olympic championships at Athens, in 1896. Such men as Tom Burke, Tom Keane, Ellery Clarke, of Harvard and the A.A.U. all-round champion, and other men were trained by him. George E. Smith, better known on the race tracks as "Pittsburg Phil," won a fortune at the Sheepshead Bay race track yesterday. The exact amount of his winnings he will not state, but it has been estimated as close to $80,000. This is one of the largest sums this noted plunger has ever cleared in a single day, though he has made considerable money before on a single race. "Pittsburg Phil" bet heavily yesterday on Kamara, Charentus, Flara, and, it is thought, Rolling Boer, all at good odds, and as he always lays large amounts on his choices, it is not unlikely that he won the amount estimated. He is a cool bettor, never mentioning his selections in advance, and always employs secret commissioners to place his money, as the bookmakers, benefiting by experience, prefer that he bet elsewhere. On July 4 one of the most sensational and exciting bicycle races ever held in this section took place at Pleasure Beach Park, Bridgeport, when John A. Nelson, of Chicago, N.H., and Ehrett E. Ryan, of Waltham, Mass., participated in a twenty-five mile motor paced contest. All world records were broken from the fifth to the twenty-fifth mile by Nelson, who finished in 39min 45sec. The previous record was 41min 40 4-5sec. The feature of the City of Boston amateur athletic games on the Common was the wonderful shot-put of W. W. Coe, the interscholastic champion, who from scratch put the sixteen-pound ball 46ft 5in. This beats Coe's former championship record by 2ft 7in, and almost equals the world's amateur record held by George Gray, of England.

THE TATTLER.

MATT PRECIOUS,

A Clever Lad at 7st 8lb with a Good Record.

(With Portrait.)

MATT PRECIOUS commenced boxing in 1898, and beat the following:—Knocked out Jack Manning, of Hally, in 3½rds for a purse; beat Bob Hingham in 5rds; knocked out Tom Williams, of Limerick, in 6½rds for £45 and the 7st 10lb championship of the Midlands; knocked out George Cowen, of Nottingham, in 6½rds; knocked out Bob Bailey, of Sheffield, in 1½rds; knocked out Johnny Hughes, of Hockley, in 10rds for £75 and the 7st 7lb championship of the Midlands at the Olympic Club; knocked out Dan Read, of the 2nd Lincolnshire Regiment, in 5½rds, for £145 and the 7st 10lb championship of England; knocked out Bob Gargan in 2½rds, Olympic Club; knocked out Frank Horton in 3½rds, Olympic; knocked out Bill Marlier, of Upton Park, London, in 3½rds in the first round of the competition; Joe Williams, of Rotherham, gave Precious best in the second bout; beat "Kid" Veitch, of Newcastle, in 8rds in the final, and won the 7st 8lb championship diamond and ruby belt and £45, presented by J. Haggerty of the Stalybridge Club, September 21, 1899; knocked out Jem Lee, the Irish champion, in 19½rds for £260 and the 7st 10lb championship of the world at Manchester G.N.C., November, 1899; beat Mike Riley, of Scotland, in 9rds for £270 at the N.S.C., London, and the 7st 8lb championship, January, 1900.

FIXED THE GAMBLER'S HAND TO THE TABLE.

Dispute at Poker Leads to Bloodshed.

(Subject of Illustration.)

AMONG the miners in the rough camp where gold is to be obtained more easily than food, the mixed population of English, German, Italian, and Indians, the ne'er-do-well from every region, attempt to turn fortune in their favour. Not content with a rapid wealth, they must needs gamble to obtain without labour the savings of their neighbours, and nightly scenes at the drunken shanties among the gamblers generally end in a bloody dispute. Two men who had staked all they were worth in a game of poker, as usual, quarrelled, and one of them suddenly made a dash for the money on the table, but his hand had scarcely touched the gold when it was transfixed by his opponent's knife, which penetrated and held its victim fixed to the board.

A DESPERADO IN TEXAS VISITS THE POOL ROOMS,

And Demands the Money Held by the Croupiers.

(Subject of Illustration.)

NED FOWLEY was one of the most noted desperadoes in all Texas, and thought nothing of going in the small towns single-handed and holding up the bank managers or anyone who might be wealthy enough to excite his attention. On one occasion he, with three equally desperate criminals, paid the gambling dens a visit, and riding in mounted on his horse, and with his revolver pointed straight at the proprietor's head, demanded such sum as he thought they could give. For a long time there was a price placed on his head, dead or alive. The authorities were determined to obtain him, but he successfully evaded justice, and about a month ago died in an obscure village near Galveston.

VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

AMONG the prominent people who have visited us this week are:—

Sir Claude Champion De Crespigny.
Tommy Hogan (America).
Harry Day (canine trainer).
Alf Slater ("Old Skiddy").
Harry Carrington.
Jack Everhardt (New Orleans, U.S.A.).
Herman F. Wolff (Philadelphia, manager, Jack Everhardt).
Jack Lewis (coloured).
W. Bott (Bristol).
Old Joe Spencer (octogenarian ped.).
Bill Bearwish.
M. Smith.
Joe Smith.
Fred Williams (Somers Town).
Jack Johnson.
Jem Exall.

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LOST AND FOUND.

"I CALLED in answer to an advertisement for a boy," said a bright-faced little chap to Mr. Goldstein, the mill owner, who was a bulky, red-faced man. He was about to leave his private carriage to enter the office when thus accosted. With him was a golden-haired little girl, who listened to the boy with eager interest. "Well, how old are you and where have you been working?" said the mill owner, looking at the lad sharply. "I came from the country, sir, where my mother and I worked in a small mill since father died. Now she is gone and so I came here to the big city hoping to find a better job." "Well, you are too young, and a boy that don't know the city is of no use to me. My advice is to go back to your former home," said Goldstein in a tone of dismissal of the subject, then he turned to his driver and said: "Take Miss Alice where she wants to go." The boy—Philip Martin by name—felt a lump rise in his throat, and with a discouraged feeling walked listlessly down the thoroughfare. He had no home or friends and no shelter. Furthermore, he had spent nearly all his money in getting to the city. While meditating on what should be his next move he felt a gentle touch upon his arm and heard a sweet, low, childish voice say: "Never mind, here's a card with the name of my uncle on it, and he will give you work." Turning he saw again the face of the mill owner's daughter, Alice Goldstein. "It is all right," said she, "and never mind thanking me. I'd like the same thing happen to Will—that's my brother—if he was alone in a big city." Philip opened the paper containing the card and inside was a bright new half-a-crown. So unexpected was it all that as soon as the little Samaritan departed he burst into tears, whereupon some little fellows in passing called him "cry baby." Feeling very tired he sat down on one of the park seats intending to seek Alice's uncle when he had recovered his mental balance. He fell fast asleep and when he awoke the parcel which he brought from home containing a valuable recipe, a bible and his mother's photo had disappeared. Gradually, however, he thought of the little girl, of the card which bore the name of a possible employer and of his empty stomach. The thought of her and half-a-crown brought hope and comfort, so he proceeded to a restaurant and had his first square meal since arriving in the city. On leaving the place he again saw the Goldstein carriage and the fair Samaritan, who beckoned him to her side, and, much to his astonishment, held up the missing parcel, which had been stolen from him while asleep. Twenty years have passed since Philip Martin and Alice Goldstein met. During that time Phillip secured a good position and took up a study of medicine. He was now a prosperous physician, and one night was called into consultation, the case being that of a young man dying in squalor. As he entered the room his eyes met those of a beautiful young woman, who rose and extended both hands appealingly to him. "Do you not remember me?" said she; "do you not recall your first attempt to secure work in London." "Ah, indeed I do. Can this be the little Samaritan who saved me from despair? I tried in vain to keep track of you, but they told me you were travelling and I fancied you had settled down in married life. Maybe it is so!" "No," said she, "and I've done better by you, for I've followed your career these many years, and congratulate you on your great success with the Little Diamond Liver Pills." The doctor then listened to the painful story of the patient, who was the brother of Alice—the "black sheep of the family," who from boyhood had been alienated from his father and sister, was reinstated for awhile in his father's good graces, but later, through speculation, brought financial ruin and a suicide's end for the father. Dainty Alice, who had been supporting herself by teaching music, discovered his whereabouts, but too late, for he was at death's door. Dr. Martin on taking his leave said: "By the way, tell me how you found the parcel that day." "Well, I kept you in sight and so witnessed the act of the thief, and Jim, the coachman, made him give it up." As they stood talking Alice's eye fell on an old coin and a ring worn on the doctor's chain. The doctor read her thoughts and said: "Yes, that's the same coin, and it has been indeed a charm! There is my mother's photo, and, as you know, the recipe for the Little Diamond Liver Pills have saved many lives and reaped a fortune." They parted, but not before Alice's consent was given to his future calls, which resulted six months later in Dr. Martin's marriage to fair Alice. Prepared by the Little Diamond Liver Pill Co., 68, Stanmore Road, West Green, London, N. Price 1s. 1½d., per box of forty.—[Advt.]

MATT PRECIOUS,
A Clever Lad at 7st 8lb. with a Good Record.

JACK EVERHART,
Who has Just Arrived from America, and is Open to Fight any Light-weight in England, Dick Burge Preferred, for £200 a-side.

DRIVEN TO SEA IN AN OPEN BOAT.
Four Lives in Peril Gallantly Rescued.

A FARMER TOSSED BY A FURIOUS BULL.
Shocking Accident—the Man Being Gored to Death.

PAT CONDON,
A Well-known Figure at the Ring-side, and a Capable Second at the National Sporting Club.

MRS. JOE SMITH,
A Lady who Took a Prominent Part in the East End Carnival.

JOE SMITH,
The Well-known Trainer and Promoter of Boxing.

A CALL FOR THE FERRY BOAT.
Blowing the Horn Across the Stream.

GAVE HIM A DRINK THROUGH THE KEY-HOLE.
A Long Pipe and Mug of Water Overcame the Difficulty.

MUSIC-HALL SPORTS.

Where are the dead,
The vanished dead,
That trod the paths that now we tread?

might be asked of these music-hall sports. Where are the sports that contended on its inauguration, now some twelve years since, at Tufnell Park Grounds, and took part among other sports in the famous mix for Sir Henry Irving's dressing bag? To use the Gilbertian lines:—

Some are dead, and some too stout,
And some beyond the seas
'Been scraped to death by oyster shells among the Carribees.

Had the roll been called last week from the original programme of 1888, looking carefully down the list, we do not think one in the recent programme would have called "present!" The Young Hornes—young no longer—who always had the best of the handicap, have given place to other frequent winners; the same may be said of hosts of others, but change the name of the performers, there is the same crowd and the same performances. The best from an athletic point of view were those of E. Frost, in the One Mile Walking Handicap, which he won from the 30 yards mark in 8min 22sec, the Quarter of a Mile Race for the cup presented by American artists in Great Britain (won by C. Cowan in 56sec), and the One Mile Running Race for the Champion Belt (for artists only), in which F. Carlton was the winner by eight yards from A. Lotto in 4min 56sec. There was a wholesale smash up in the One Mile Buchanan Challenge Cup Bicycle Race, all the competitors coming to grief, several of them being severely cut and bruised. J. Christie was the first to get up and remount, and he was delared the winner. In the Five Miles' Bicycle Handicap E. Otto, 350 yards start, won by more than a lap from Ted Cowan, 250 yards, in 13min 12 1-5sec. They had both fallen in the mile, which Christie won. The sports were in progress for nearly seven hours. Results are appended:—100 Yards Races.—Agents' Handicap: T. Pritchard, 12yd start, 1; C. Reed, 7, 2. Time, 12 1-5sec. Musicians: J. Lawless, 1; L. Bassett, 2. Time, 11 4-5sec. Ladies' Handicap: Emily Zaro, 8yd start, 1; Emily Rafferty, 10, 2. Time, 13 2-5sec. Boys' Handicap: L. Crackles, 5yd start, 1; T. Bale, scratch, 2. Girls' Handicap: E. Zaro, 3yd start, 1; Violet Durham, scratch, 2. 120 Yards Handicap.—F. Mezetti, 9yd start, 1; C. Pastor, 10½, 2; W. S. Perman, 6, 3. Time, 12 1-5sec. One Mile Bicycle Challenge Cup Race.—J. Christie, 1; H. W. Martin, 2; MacStewart, 3. Every competitor fell in the final, but the men mentioned remounted and finished in the above order. One Mile (Champion Belt) Race (artists only).—Carlton 1; A. Lotto, 2; J. Breton, 3. Won by four yards. Time, 4min 56sec. Five Miles Bicycle Handicap (artists only).—Ernest Otto, 350yd start, 1; Ted Cowan, 250, 2; Walter Lilo, scratch, 3. Won by a lap and five yards. Time, 13min 12 1-5sec. One Mile Walking Handicap.—E. Frost, 30yd, start, 1; Tom Pacey, scratch, 2. Won by 30yd. Time, 8min 22sec. Quarter-Mile (American Cup) Race (Artistes only).—C. Cowen, 1; Alf Lotto, 2; D. Thomas, 3. Won by a yard. Time, 56sec. Half-Mile Handicap.—C. Pastor, 60yd start, 1; A. Lotto, 30, 2; F. Dunlo, 25, 3. Won by 10yd. Time, 2min 12sec. 120 Yards Hurdles.—H. Carlo, owes 3yd, 1; W. S. Perman, scratch, 2. Time, 18 2-5sec. Two Miles Ladies' Bicycle Handicap.—P. Zaro, 400yd start, 1; E. A. Golding, scratch, 2. Won 200yd. One Mile Ladies' Bicycle Race (in skirts).—J. Burnett, 250yd start, 1; L. Dell, scratch, 2. Won by 50yd. Half-Mile Bicycle Obstacle Race.—Ernest Otto, 1; W. Lilo, 2. 50 Yards Human Wheelbarrow Race.—A. Bale and partner. Secret Distance Sealed Handicap Bicycle Race.—Ted Cowan.

A VETERAN PEDESTRIAN OF THE Past.—Old Joe Spencer, otherwise Joseph Reynolds, will be eighty-two years old on August 12, and on that day Joe will attempt to walk ten miles in 140 minutes. This is at the rate of nearly five miles an hour. Considering how few young men can walk four miles an hour, this will be a wonderful performance, remembering Joe's age, eighty-two. The attempt will take place at the Star Grounds, Battersea, by permission of the proprietor. Joe tried to enter for the 25-Mile Championship, having a good chance, but his old pal, "Joe the Mug," would not take the old man's dollar entry fee.

STEVE DONALDSON v. DAN DARVILLE.

The following letter is from two of Dan Darville's (the heavy weight-lifter and weight thrower) supporters concerning Steve Donaldson:—

To the Editor of THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

SIR,—Quite recently there was a prospect of a match of throwing the 56lb weight and putting the shot, between Steve Donaldson, champion of Scotland, and Dan Darville, the present English champion and world's record holder. When Donaldson was recently up in Sheffield he received a letter from a friend of Darville, stating the latter is not a professional. The Anglo-Scot then travelled to London with his supporters, where he met Darville and his supporters. In the course of the interview Donaldson asked the question, "Do you really think you are the cleverest man in England over the hammer, weight, and shot, Darville?" With his usual modesty Darville replied that he had every reason to believe so, whereupon Donaldson quickly asked for a match, the best of three throws level, for the championship of the world. It was agreed that Darville should take the Scotchman on, so as to see who is the best man out of the two. Darville said that he would meet him at 10st 8lb, one throw for each event; but Donaldson wanted the best of three throws. Darville eventually wrote a note to Donaldson, in which he said, "Through unforeseen circumstances, I am unable to go on with the proposed match, as I was willing to meet you at one throw of the three events, and to defend my title as amateur champion. I hope this question will be answered. I make no comments, as I have defeated Jem Ward, Joe Murphy, Steve Jackson, Hector Jones, James Kelley, and I am ready to meet you under my conditions. I merely ask a question on what I have every reason to believe is a true statement of facts." And now "An Unknown" wants to meet Darville. Whoever he is, Darville will give him 2ft in each of the three, as the Englishman is not without any pluck yet.—We remain, dear sir, yours truly,

Messrs. BERT WILLIAMS and WALTER CURTIS,
(Supporters of Darville)
85A, Westminster Bridge Road, London.

AMATEUR RUNNERS AND PROfessional Training.—Godfrey Shaw writes from Hayward's Heath respecting Mr. Kraenzlein's 15 2-5sec for the 120 Yards Hurdle Race at the Amateur Championships, and as the above gentleman had the wind in his favour Shaw denies that Kraenzlein's record, 15 2-5sec, is as good as his (Shaw's) 15 4-5sec, run in a dead calm. Shaw goes on to say:—"We shall never be able to compete with an American team until our men train in the same careful way; in other words, our champions must be trained and kept like professionals. As an instance, what chance had the great Kilpatrick with Bredin, trained by a professional." The case of Wharton is one which Shaw forgets to notice. Wharton, called the "Black Prince" in consequence of his colour, when running as an amateur from Darlington College was credited with doing 100yds on grass in dead ten seconds. Soon after this Wharton, being ambitious to win a Sheffield Handicap, turned professional, and put himself in the hands of Billy South, the celebrated Sheffield trainer. Wharton was not running up to his credited form, or the record standing to his (Wharton's) name was wrong; for Billy South, who in his best day never could do dead ten seconds for the hundred yards, gave Wharton four yards in the hundred and a beating. So much, however, did Wharton improve under a professional trainer, that he eventually gave South four yards in five score, thus showing an improvement of eight yards in the hundred, a turn of speed which enabled Wharton to win one, and nearly two, professional Sheffield Handicaps.

LONG-DISTANCE SWIMMING.—The long-distance swimming championship was decided on Saturday afternoon in the Thames, the course being from Kew to Putney, a distance of five miles and sixty yards. Nine men entered for the contest, and all of them started, only one failing to finish. As was expected, J. A. Jarvis, of Leicester, again proved successful, his win again being of a hollow character, as he led from start to finish. As he won for the third time in succession he takes the cup presented by Mr. W. J. Innes as his own property. His time was 1hr 14min 17sec, the fastest time on record, it being 2min 18sec better than that of Percy Cavill, who won in 1897. A distance of 300 yards divided Jarvis from G. E. Sharp, of Leicester, who had a magnificent race with T. Wildgoose, of Hyde, throughout the whole race.

CHANNEL SWIMMING.—ATTEMPTS to swim across the Channel will be made this season both by Holbein and Frank Holmes, of Birmingham. The latter, who so nearly accomplished the task two years ago, has arrived at Dover, and has had a long practice swim, but the water is not likely to be warm enough for another fortnight. Holbein is practising in the Thames, but is expected here in a few days. The temperature of the sea is about 59 degrees.

THE ONE MILE GRASS CYCLING Record Beaten.—J. E. Harters, a local rider, at Watford, on Wednesday made an attempt to beat the one-mile grass record which stood to the credit of the professional rider, J. Platt-Betts, at 2min 15 2-5sec. He succeeded in doing the distance in 2min 6 2-5sec. The weather conditions were perfect, and the track was in excellent order. The performance of Harter is decidedly good, as he had to depend on his club-mates to pace him. Matthews timed.

INTERNATIONAL ATHLETICS.—Kraenzlein Again Runs in Wonderful Form.—The differences between the French and the American athletes appear to have been partially overcome, as many of the American champions took part in the first day's programme of the Olympian games held in the ground of the Racing Club in the Bois de Boulogne on Saturday. The American athletes showed to enormous advantage, and had matters pretty much their own way in the events in which they competed. Kraenzlein, the flying "hurdler," scored a victory in the 110 metres hurdle championship from two compatriots, McClain and Maloney, who were second and third respectively. Norman C. Pritchard, the Bengal champion, won his heat, but was unplaced in the final. Kraenzlein's time was returned as 15 2-5sec. The 100 metres flat race again produced an American triumph, Jarvis, of Princeton University, winning the final from W. B. Tewkesbury, of Pennsylvania University, Stanley Rowley, the Australian, being third. The winner broke the record, covering the distance in 10 4-5sec. Some magnificent weight-putting was shown by the American, Sheldon, who established a record in the preliminary heat of the competition. The English half-mile champion, A. E. Tysoe, qualified for the final in the 800 metres race, but with this exception the English athletes were unsuccessful, and the Frenchmen showed to even less advantage. The sports were resumed on Sunday, when Kraenzlein added still more to his fame by easily winning the sixty metres race in 7sec. Charles Bennett, England's greatest distance runner, upheld the honour of his country by winning the mile championship; but G. W. Orton, the American, who was easily beaten by S. J. Robinson at Stamford Bridge, reversed the placings, and gained a comfortable victory. Baxter, the American high jumper, again proved that he is without a rival in this department, and Long followed up his success in London by winning the 400 metres race. Bauer, the Austrian, won the throwing the discus competition.

LADY SWIMMING CHAMPION.—Lady Constance Mackenzie won the championship shield of the Bath Club Amateur Ladies' Swimming Society on Wednesday after a close competition with four other members. It was a keen contest in breast stroke swimming, diving, and floating, and was watched with the greatest interest by a large female audience. Lady Constance, who is the only sister of the Countess of Cromartie, was the holder of the shield for the previous year, and she received the warmest congratulations on her renewed success. She is a most graceful and daring swimmer. The second part of the programme consisted of exhibitions in skill performed by the members, under the direction of Miss Lewin, the instructress, and again Lady Constance excelled in high diving, turning slow somersaults, and swimming under water; so also did two small children, whose absolute fearlessness was a pleasure to see.

CONTRARY TO EXPECTATIONS, some grand racing will take place for the Wingfield Sculls (Amateur Championship of England). Such fine exponents as H. T. Blackstaffe (Vesta R.C.), C. V. Fox (London R.C.), E. G. Hemmerde (Leander R.C.), and St. George Ashe will throw down the gauntlet to B. H. Howell (Thames R.C.), the holder. On Henley form, the issue should rest between Howell and Hemmerde, but both Blackstaffe and Fox always scull better on tidal waters. The challengers will row off the preliminary heat this day (Wednesday) about six p.m., and, everything being favourable, the final will be decided on the following Friday about half-past seven p.m. It is not quite certain whether Howell will be allowed to compete again. After certain trial spins he will undergo another medical examination, and his doing so will depend upon his doctor's decision. It is not generally understood that this race is only open to "Gentlemen Scullers of the United Kingdom and Ireland."

HOMING PIGEON'S RETURN.—AN extraordinary instance of the instinct and fidelity of the homing pigeon has just occurred at Northwich. In July, 1897, a bird belonging to Mr. Woodward, Avenue Lodge, Winnington, was liberated, with others, at Rennes, France, under the auspices of the Mid-Cheshire Federation. The race proved disastrous, only one out of several hundred, and that belonging to Mr. Woodward, returning home the same day. Last week the owner was astonished to discover that one of the lost homers had found its way back, and that on the same date as when liberated three years ago. The bird bore the racing ring which established his identity.

PIGEON FLIES 585 MILES IN A Day.—At twenty minutes past eight on Tuesday night a homer, belonging to Mr. Bell, of Liverpool, and Catsclough, Winsford, Cheshire, arrived at its loft, having been liberated from Bordeaux at half-past four in the morning. This is an unprecedented feat, for never in the history of the fancy has a pigeon been known to fly a distance of 585 miles from Bordeaux in the same day. The race was under the auspices of the Manchester Flying Club.

BIRMINGHAM ATHLETIC CLUB'S Sports.—The annual sports promoted by the Birmingham Athletic Club were carried through at Portland Road Grounds, Edgbaston, on July 11, before a good attendance of spectators. Details:—Putting the Weight (16lb).—D. T. Cooper, 31ft 6in, first; J. C. Hayes, 28ft 6in, second. High Jump.—C. J. Hale and H. Button tied at 5ft 4in. After an interval the men agreed to jump off, when Hale won. D. T. Cooper, 5ft 3in, third; G. E. Wells, 5ft 2in, fourth. 220 Yards Hurdle Handicap.—C. J. Hale 2yd start, first; D. T. Cooper, scratch, second. A capital race all the way. Twist fell when he looked like winning. Time, 35sec. 440 Yards Flat Handicap.—D. T. Cooper, 5yd start, first; A. W. Boast, 25, second. Cooper ran strongly throughout, and scored a popular victory. Hale, whose chance was fancied, gave up at the half distance. Time, 60 1-5sec. One Mile Flat Handicap.—F. H. Adams, 60yd start, first; S. P. Eaden, scratch, second. Adams ran well, and from the first the issue was never in doubt, 65yd dividing the placed men at the close. Time, 4min 55sec. 120 Yards Flat Handicap.—Heat 1: C. J. Hale, scratch, first; G. E. Wells, 5yd start, second. Won by 2yd. Time, 14 4-5sec. Heat 2: E. W. Goode, 6, first; W. H. L. Tanner, 5, second. Won by a yard. Time, 14 4-5sec. Final: Hale, first; Tanner, second. A close and exciting tussle, Hale securing the verdict by a foot. Time 14sec.

METROPOLITAN AMATEUR REgatta.—Beautiful weather favoured this regatta, held on the Thames between Putney and Hammersmith on Monday, and with good class entries in the various events interesting racing was seen. For the fourth year in succession H. T. Blackstaffe (Vesta R.C.) won the London Cup for senior sculls; while the London, Vesta, and Thames were successful in the other events:—Junior Sculls.—J. W. Knight, London R.C., 1; and W. F. Mildrew, Thames R.C., 0. The latter was beaten by a hundred yards. Junior Senior Sculls.—J. Beresford, Kensington R.C., 1; and A. H. Cloutte, London R.C., 2. Won by a length. Time, 9min 12sec. Senior Sculls (London Cup).—Final heat: H. T. Blackstaffe, Vesta R.C., 1; and F. A. Boyton, London R.C., 2. The latter held the holder for half the distance, but subsequently Blackstaffe's experience and stamina told the inevitable tale, and he won by four lengths. Time, 8min 19sec. Metropolitan Challenge Cup (Junior Eights).—Thames R.C., 1; London R.C., 2; and Old Cowperians, 3. It was a splendid race to the Crab Tree, where Thames drew away and won by two and a half lengths; London beat the Old Boys for second place by half a length. Time, 8min 19sec. Thames Cup (Senior Fours).—London R.C., 1; and Thames R.C., 2. Won comfortably by three lengths. Time, 9min 3sec. Metropolitan Champion Cup (Senior Eights).—London R.C., 1; and Thames R.C., 2. A great race from start to finish, London only winning by a bare length. Time, 7min 58sec. Junior Senior Fours.—Vesta R.C., 1; London R.C., 2; Kensington R.C., 0; and Thames R.C., 0. A desperate finish ended in Vesta beating London by a length. Time, 8min 58sec.

"JIM SMITH, THE CABMAN."—This was the sobriquet given to one of the fastest walkers who ever left this country for America. He was brother of the late Charley Smith, for many years proprietor of the Oxford and Cambridge Club, who has journeyed over from America to spend a few weeks in the Old Country with his relatives and friends. He is a genial, good-hearted fellow, and an authority on all sporting matters in America. In 1868 Smith, with 2min start, defeated George Topley in a seven miles race in America, and afterwards he walked Topley seven miles level and won. He also defeated Danie O'Leary, fifty miles, at Chicago, in 1872. In 1881, Smith gave up racing and turned his attention to training, and was very successful. Among others he prepared and attended upon Fitzgerald, who won the long-distance championship of the world with a record score. If any of Smith's old friends would like to communicate with him they can do so by addressing their letters to him, care of THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

DEATH OF A CHAMPION CYCLIST.—The death took place recently at Newcastle, the result of a carriage accident, of Mr. George Waller, the champion cyclist, who in 1889, made himself famous by winning the great six-day bicycle championship at the Agricultural Hall, beating the French champion, Tarrant, by fourteen miles. Mr. Waller was also the winner of innumerable prizes on the old ordinary bicycle.

THE CHAMPION HOKEY-POKEY Makers.—"Give us a lump of hokey-pokey" during this hot weather is the constant cry at all race meetings. We have at times received various challenges relating to hokey-pokey making, but the materials that are used by Abrahams and Israel (Neapolitan ice makers), of 29, Stoney Lane, Hounsditch, places them at the top of the tree. At Ascot, Henley, Music Hall Sports, and Kingston Regatta the ware they sold met (if possible) with more than its just recognition.

LITTLE JOHNNY REIFF AND THE Thousand Pounds.—Mr. Walker, the owner of Merry Gal, denies the fact that he gave Johnny Reiff £1,000 for winning the Princess of Wales's Stakes at Newmarket. He gave the trainer £50 as a present, and Johnny most likely a much less sum. Little Johnny has a weakness for cats, of which he possesses five, and has a pet name for each of them. The favourite of the lot he brought with him all the way from California, and the animal shows the greatest affection for his little master. As is well known, many thoroughbreds get singularly attached to stable cats, and cannot sleep without puss lying on their backs. In several instances the feline companions have to be taken about the country with the horses, between which a mutual affection has sprung up. One of the greatest savages the Turf has known—Barcaldine—could only be brought to reason by the companionship of the stable-cat, and many years ago Friponnier used to exhibit a most malevolent temper away from home, but this quite disappeared when the head lad bethought him of Friponnier's favourite cat. Its presence exercised a magical effect, and "Frip" never journeyed after that without the company of his faithful and beloved companion.

BLACKHEATH HARRIERS.—THE Blackheath Harriers, one of the oldest cross-country clubs, held their second evening meeting recently, at the Catford Sports Ground. The programme consisted of two events—300 yards and mile handicaps—both of which attracted a good number of starters. W. T. Folks won the former event from the six yards mark, after a good race with A. Metcalf, 22yds, who finished second. In the mile race H. W. G. Haselgrove, 165yds, was leading a lap from home, but 200 yards from the tape J. Baker, 105yds, assumed the lead, and by sheer pluck won by five yards. Details:—300 Yards Handicap.—W. T. Folks, 6yds start, 1; A. Metcalf, 22, 2; C. D. Rees, scratch, 3. A good race; won by a yard. Time, 34 3-5sec. One Mile Handicap.—J. Baker, 105 yds start, 1; H. W. G. Haselgrove, 165. 2; E. Ratcliff, scratch, 3. Won by five yards. Time, 4min. 40 2-5sec.

PLATT BETTS BEATS IRISH Records.—An interesting cycle meeting was held on Thursday at Ballymena, Ireland, and many of the best riders in England, Scotland, and Ireland competed. J. Platt Betts, Catford, rode a mile in the Irish record time of 1min 37 4-5sec, beating, en route, the flying quarter, and half, and three-quarter mile records. Later, he covered ten miles in 17min 51 4-5sec. F. W. Chinn, of Birmingham, the professional champion, was defeated in a one mile scratch race by H. Reynolds, Dublin, and H. B. Howard, London, Reynolds winning by a few inches in 2min 18 1-5sec. Reynolds and Chinn easily secured a two miles tandem race in 4min 15sec, while Howard, the five miles champion, won a two miles pursuit race in 4min 26sec.

ENTRIES FOR DOGGETT'S COAT and Badge.—At the Fishmongers' Hall, London Bridge, on Thursday, the following entries were received for this year's race for the above ancient wager: Richard J. Myers, Bermondsey; William C. Hammerton, Twickenham; Percy C. Wheeler, Richmond; Walter Leary, Rotherhithe; Alfred R. Chitty, Richmond; Joseph J. Turfery, Bankside; Henry G. Coppock, Bermondsey; Richard H. Turk, Kingston; and John Meade, Shadwell. The trial heats (Putney to Hammersmith) were decided on the afternoon of the 17th inst., when three men will compete in each heat, the first two qualifying to row for the wager, which is to be decided on Wednesday, August 1. The course for the latter event will be the usual one from London Bridge to Chelsea, the start being timed for a quarter-past five p.m.

THE SERPENTINE SWIMMING Club.—In the Serpentine Lake, Hyde Park, on Wednesday morning the members swam off the final heat of the handicap commenced the previous week, for prizes presented by Mr. Gus Cownden, who officiated as judge. Result: 220 Yards Handicap (Final Heat).—H. Vickers, 67sec start, 1; J. Vickers, 40sec, 2; L. H. Rickards, 45sec, 3; B. Foulde, 130sec, 0; G. Sedgewick, 110sec, 0. Won, after a hard finish, by half a yard; three yards between second and third men. The fixture to-day (Wednesday) at seven o'clock is the annual 440 yards handicap for Mr. J. Collard's (Press Club) prizes.

THE N.C.U. CHAMPIONSHIPS.—The second instalment of the N.C.U. championships was held at Lonsdale Park, Workington, on Saturday. A. S. Ingram (Polytechnic C.C.) retained his title to the five miles championship after a splendid finish with H. W. Payne (West Roads C.C.). Time, 14min 4 1-5sec. In the twenty-five miles race Payne, the holder, was again beaten, the winner being W. S. Ramsay (Barrow A.C.). The time was 1hr 4min 33 1-5sec.

WONDERFUL JUMPING.—R. H. Baker, the American jumper, competing at the annual festival of the Leeds Athletic Club, beat Joe Darby's record of 137ft 8in for ten jumps with weights by four inches. He also beat his own running high jump record with weights by an inch, clearing 8ft 8¼in.

WHIPPET RACING.—LAST WEEK we stated that the irrepressible Geo Thurling had sought fresh fields and pastures new, and thus migrated to the 200yd track (the only one in London) at Wood Lane, Shepherd's Bush. A select company was assembled, graced by the fair sex, and, we are pleased to record, free from the rowdy element so prevalent down East. It was a pleasant afternoon. Good races and close finishes that redound to the credit of the handicappers. Well, it is not every working man that cares to take his wife to a racecourse, but we know from experience that the partner of our joys (and troubles) will look well after the pet whippet in the absence of her better half. Then why should not the wife see the dog she has cherished make its bid for victory? Thus, devoid of all cruelty and carried out upon straightforward and honest lines, free from the fringe of the betting fraternity, men and women can have their little Goodwood on their own. Now we will come to the business. There was a good entry, and the very close finish testified as to the fairness of the handicap. The prizes were: winner £4, second 15s, third 5s; while the winners of heats running in the second round secured 2s. Mr. Clark was starter, Geo. Thurling was the pistol firer, and A. Glaze referee. Brief details of racing. Heat 1: Batchelor's Old Maid, 15lb, 24yd start, won by a foot. Heat 2: Smith's Fan, Edmonton, 18lb, 27yd. Heat 3: Miss Dawson, Bow, 18lb, 26yd; a clinking race all through. Heat 4: Harris's Polly, Poplar, 17lb, 24yd. Heat 5: Burchell's Dodger, Mile End, 24½lb, 17yd. Heat 6: Neville's Charley, Tottenham, after a good finish. Heat 8: Bell's Snowball, Shepherd's Bush, 17½lb, 25yd. Heat 9 was won by the sensational Zeta, now owned by Mr. Burchell, 14lb, 32yd. "Caustic" has reason to remember—it may be within the memory of some—the lawsuit as whether "Zeta" was "Zeta" or not. Ted Wakeham was the owner in those days. We saw the bitch when she ran green and afterwards developing herself cantered away with handicaps. So much for Zeta. Heat 10 was won by Old Jack from Edmonton, 16½lb, 34yd. Heat 11: Young Tittlemouse, of St. Luke's, 22½lb, 22½yd, was the next winner, and Falk's Good Luck, of Mile End, 18½lb, 25yd, won heat 12. In the second round Harris's Polly and Batchelor's Old Maid ran a grand race, worth a journey to witness, so close that opinions were divided; it was only a matter of a few inches—tight, very tight. The final heat was productive of intense excitement. The betting was 30 to 20 the field. Taking into consideration the gruelling the dogs had had in the previous heats it was simply marvellous the lightning-like way they went from the slippers. The result was:—Old Maid, 1; Dodger, 2; Old Jack, 3. Thurling, if you will only go on as you are going you will bring the sport to excellence.

LEICESTER INFIRMARY SPORTS.—About 3,000 spectators attended this annual charity meeting at Leicester on Monday.—H. W. Payne, the 25 miles champion of Middlesex, and ex-holder of the 25 and 60 miles championships of England, was successful in a one mile scratch bicycle race, whilst J. Binks, a well-known metropolitan runner, won a half-mile handicap from the 50 yards mark in the fast time of 1min 51 3-5sec. Details: 100 Yards Invitation Scratch Race: F. Crow, Hull, 1; A. V. Edwards, Nottingham Forest A.C., 2; W. Dilley, Kettering, 3. The Midland Counties champion was beaten by half a yard for first place. Time, 10 1-5sec. Half-mile Flat Handicap: J. Binks, Unity A.C., London, 50yd start, 1; J. White, Northampton, 55, 2; J. Lloyd, Derby, 50, 3. Won by six yards. Time, 1min 51 3-5sec. One Mile Bicycle Scratch Race: H. W. Payne, West Roads C.C., London, 1; W. Webb, Manchester, 2; B. C. Whur, Polytechnic C.C., London, 3. Won by a foot. Time, 2min 25 1-5sec. Half-Mile Bicycle Handicap: C. Threlfall, Stockport, 60yd start, 1; F. Makepeace, Coventry, 60, 2; J. Percox, Birmingham, 90, 3. Won by a foot. Time, 58 4-5sec. 120 Yards Flat Handicap: E. Goddard, Leicester, 9½yd start, 1; T. Stuttard, Burnley, 9½, 2; J. Heaton, Small Heath, 11, 3. Won by a yard. Time, 11 3-5sec. One Mile Bicycle Handicap: C. Threlfall, Stockport, 120yd start, 1; A. Howell, Oundle, 115, 2; A. Cotton, Leicester, 195, 3. Time, 2min 7 2-5sec.

MAKING STRONG GIRLS OF THEM.—The girls of St. Winifred's Club, Clerkenwell, gave a gymnastic entertainment on Saturday night. The club has been instituted for the physical training of girls. Dumb-bell drill, flag and double bar feats, &c., were performed with wonderful smartness. Girls from Westminster, Southwark, and Pentonville took part in the entertainment.

ANOTHER CYCLING RECORD TO Platt-Betts.—At the Manchester Wheelers' Sports on Saturday J. Platt-Betts set up a new record of 1min 47 2-5sec for a paced mile on a cinder track. The previous best was his own of 1min 54 3-sec, accomplished at Newcastle two years ago. Platt-Betts also tied with A. A. Chase's five miles paced track record by riding that distance in 9min 43sec.

ACTORS AS CYCLISTS.—MISS Winifred Emery presented the prizes to the successful competitors at the second annual meeting of the Theatrical United Cycling Club, and, in the unavoidable absence of Mr. Rutland Barrington, Mr. Edmund Payne and Mr. Harwood officiated as judges. The five miles level cycling race was won by W. E. Cox, of the Shaftesbury, C. Groves, of Daly's, being second. The former also won the mile handicap and was second in the quarter-mile handicap, in each case starting from scratch. The Mile Flat Handicap was won by W. Smith (Prince of Wales's), and the 300 Yards Flat Handicap by F. Underwood (Gaiety). Miss F. Rooke (Daly's), with 460 yards start, proved successful in the Mile Ladies' Cycling Handicap, Miss L. Palmer (Shakespeare), who started at scratch, finishing third. In the tug of war for possession of the Dramatic and Musical Sick Fund Challenge Shield the Haymarket Theatre beat Daly's Theatre by two pulls to none.

BILLIARDS.—"PEDLAR" PALMER v. Billy Ross.—A match for £50 a-side took place at the Bee Hotel, Liverpool, between "Pedlar" Palmer, bantam champion of England, and Billy Ross, 9st champion of England, who agreed to play 500 up. Palmer played a splendid game throughout, but Ross made some clever breaks of 35, 25, 53, and 64, while Palmer was making the running. It was a sight to witness each of the players being applauded on making a break. The game was very level until "Pedlar" broke out in the last 30, and finished with a break of 30, winning the match. Ross had some very hard luck, and is far from being satisfied. A fresh match is guaranteed for £100. "Pedlar" played smiling all the way, but at times his face changed at Ross's playing, which was very clever. They are staunch pals, and after the game shook hands and drank each others health. Amongst the company present were several gentlemen on 'Change.

IN THE BAYSWATER, PADDING-ton, and North Kensington Carnival, on behalf of the *Daily Telegraph* Widows' and Orphans' Fund, boxing was represented as follows: 9. Boxing Car. By members of the Kensington Boxing Club, under the direction of Messrs. R. Hardie, F. Neale, and Professor Nat Smith. The following members boxed during the procession: R. Martin, H. Smith, F. Saunders, P. Greco, M. Menhenett, R. Burge, C. Dew, W. Morgan, F. Roundtree, W. Norris, and others. 11. Ball Punching Car.—Under the direction of Professor Nat Smith.

BAGATELLE AT THE GOSSETT Arms.—Harry Dixon Leigh (son of the well-known director of the Excelsior Baths) is well respected in Bethnal Green, and when he offered a trophy for a bagatelle match forty entered to contest for the prize. All started at scratch, and the betting was very favourable, all being backed at various prices. The heats were started last Monday at 8.30, Charlie Peters and Harry Clererly being the first pair, Mr. Hawes efficiently acting as referee and score-taker. Peters took the lead at the start, the scores being early called 40—17 in his favour. The play was exciting, Clererly reaching 50 to his opponent's 77. Eventually Peters won by 47 points. Further details will appear in next week's issue.

"A COCKNEY SPORTSMAN."—SO ran the line in a contemporary. That the said C. S. would give the sum of £25 if Len Hurst could get within a quarter of a mile of the ten miles record, or half a mile of the twenty miles record. So we gathered from the above that the "Cockney" must be a good sport, and we were not surprised when we found that it was George Thurling, of Smithfield, whose efforts to promulgate sport has been often told in these columns, and can safely aver that should Hurst win George will be only too pleased to weigh out, so now, Len, do your best (we are sure you will) to cop that £25.

THE CHAMPION DEERHOUND.—AT the Northampton Institute Dog Show, Avening Queen, the property of C. Calcutt, Esq., trained by Harry Day, last Tuesday took two first class prizes in the deerhound class. This bitch, only 14 months old, has taken more prizes than any other deerhound living. The champion bitch is by Laura (a picture of which has appeared in THE MIRROR OF LIFE) by Scottish Chief.

THE ALLEGED FRAUD BY A PRO-fessional.—The charge against Albert Jones, alias Albert Henry Williams, the alleged professional runner, for competing as an amateur at the Edinburgh Harriers' Sports at Powderhall, Edinburgh, on June 9, was advanced a stage on Friday at the Edinburgh Police Court. Counsel for the accused objected to the relevancy of the complaint, which he submitted disclosed no crime at Common Law, but simply a breach of sporting rules. The Sheriff, repelling the objection, said this was not a question of breach of sporting rules, but whether the accused by a false statement obtained the chance of running in a race he otherwise could not have had. Counsel said this was the first charge of this kind in any country. The Sheriff would have to determine what a professional was. The defendant then pleaded not guilty. Albert Jones (alias Albert Henry Williams), professional runner, on Monday pleaded guilty before Sheriff M'Connichie, at Edinburgh, to fraudulently entering for and running in an amateur race at the Edinburgh Harriers' Sports, at Powderhall, on June 9. On behalf of the accused it was stated that he had run at Accrington for a money prize which he did not win. Then he came to Scotland and ran in this race, winning his heat, but losing in the second ties, and he made nothing out of bets. The Sheriff said he demurred entirely from the statement that it was a new crime in Scotland. It might be a new way of committing an old crime, but it was the old crime of fraud as clearly as anything. He took into consideration, however, that accused had been lying in prison and fined him £5, or thirty days.

ESSEX COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIPS.—There were some excellent performances at the Essex County Athletic meeting on Saturday. On a downhill course, E. G. Clark (Brentwood F.C.), 9yd start, won the 100yds open handicap in 9 4-5sec. J. B. Densham (S.L.H.) won the half-mile open hurdles, from the virtual scratch mark of 20yds, in 2min 9 4-5sec. The open mile running handicap went to J. Henderson (Beccles College), 135yds start, in 4min 25 1-5sec, and the three miles level race to A. Shrubb, of the Horsham Blue Star Harriers, in the capital time of 15min 5 3-5sec. In the quarter-mile championship of the county, Paul Carter, of the Essex Beagles, failed to finish, and so lost possession of the cup, which would have been his own property had he won. H. F. Pash (Blackheath Harriers) proved successful in 55 3-5sec. The chance of the holder of the mile bicycle championship, A. Pestell (Walthamstow Town C.C.), was extinguished by a fall. G. W. Bishop proved successful in 2min 35 3-5sec. S. Smithson (Grays Thurrock) won the 100 yards championship in 10 4-5sec; the mile running championship was again won by the holder, W. G. Burrows (Thames Ironworks), in 4min 43sec, and a beautifully fair and fast mover in G. A. Taylor (Arc Works A.C.) won the two miles walk in 15min 49 4-5sec. The Countess of Warwick presented the prizes, and among those present was General Sir William Gatacre, K.C.B.

TROTTING RECORD BEATEN.—AT the Raikes Hall Grounds, Blackpool, on Monday, Rustic Beauty made a successful attempt on the ten miles record of 28min 9sec, held by Phyllis Wilkes. Rustic Beauty was backed to do 28min for £400, and, ridden by George Wiltshire, she accomplished the distance without a break in 27min 52½sec, thus beating record by 16½sec.

THE EAST-END CARNIVAL.—ONE of the hardest workers in the boxing car at the East-end Carnival was Bill Petken, better known as Bill Hartley, the good old-fashioned veteran who won numerous contests in the old style.

DRIVEN TO SEA IN AN OPEN BOAT.

Four Lives in Peril Gallantly Rescued.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A BOATMAN named Charles Woodruff and three girls had a very narrow escape from drowning. There was only a gentle breeze when, seated in the boat, Woodruff left the shore; but a storm suddenly sprang up and the wind increased, blowing directly from the land, and though the boatman tacked time after time, the boat made no headway at each succeeding attempt. Drifting further out to sea, and darkness coming on, things looked as bad as they could be. Fortunately the unwilling voyagers were seen by the incoming steamer, and their shouts for help were heard and answered, otherwise they would surely have perished in the storm which spent its fury some hours later.

A FARMER TOSSED BY A FURIOUS BULL.

Shocking Accident, the Man Being Gored to Death.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A FARMER named Tilston met with a terrible death at Farnley. By some means a bull, which had hitherto been very quiet, without warning lowered its head and charged the farmer just as he was leaving the paddock in which the animal was confined. It was usual to put a chain around the bull's neck in case of accident, but this had been neglected, and the animal in a furious mood not only tossed the man, impaling him upon its horns, but trampled and cut the farmer's body to such an extent that no one could recognise him except by his clothes. The animal was finally shot.

VITAL POWER.

If you suffer from Spermatorrhœa, Exhausted Vitality, Loss of Energy, Weakness, Despondency, Premature Decay, Varicocele, Brain Fag, Nervousness, Blotches on the Skin, Dimness of Sight, Melancholy, Loss of Memory, Noises in the Ears, Kidney or Liver Complaints, or any disease of the Bladder or Urinary Organs, do not fail to send a stamped addressed envelope to:—GEORGE WRIGHT, Esq., Colne House, Rembrandt Rd., Lee, London, S.E. (Name this paper).

R. Davies (trainer). S. Knowles. Mr. Downey.

S. KNOWLES,

A Clever Lad in the 9st Division, who is Willing to Meet any Lad in the Western District (Navy).

JEM EXALL,

A Clever Little Bantam who Hails from Bermondsey.

A DESPERADO IN TEXAS VISITS THE POOL ROOMS,

And Demands the Money Held by the Croupiers.

BILLY HILL.

"Muldoon's Piccaninny," Matched to Fight "Kid" McPartland at the City Point Athletic Club, South Boston, U.S.A.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT WONDERLAND.

A GOOD GATHERING OF TALENT.

A FEW SHORT FLEETING YEARS ago Wonderland had a far different mission than to promote boxing. Once upon a time the elite of the East-end met at the theatre (it was a theatre then) and discussed the numerous topics of the day between the turns. The old "East London," as the theatre was called, was the famous meeting place for the sports in Whitechapel, and at different times almost every sort of professor has been within its walls. A few years ago competitions open to fat women, lean men, singers, dancers, boxers, whistlers, &c., formed the principal amusement. After being the factory of a well-respected wholesale clothier, "Pedlar" Palmer, at the head of a syndicate, took it, and in a few days transformed the workshop into a palace. Even from the branches hung fruit that would have tempted Adam, and everywhere signs were visible that no pains had been spared to make the resort fit for any kind of sportsmen. The title of champion promoter of boxing was claimed by a certain gentleman, but he has since retired from the force. Thus it leaves only his old partner, Joe Smith (who, had he desired, might have competed for the title), to become absolute champion. No one better deserves the honour than the one who in his younger days won the championship of his regiment, honours at many field sports, and promotes boxing summer and winter alike, and in spite of failures always come the following week as lively as ever. "An ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory" may be as closely applied to the promoting of boxing as most matters, sporting or otherwise. With regard to the practice, who will gainsay that there is a single person with a better right to be considered a past master than Smith in all the wide range of professionalism? There is only one master, but anyone would take him for anything but what he is, a brilliant exponent of all round sport. Much the same crowd came to Wonderland last Saturday, that in spite of the weather always turn up, and but few old faces were missing as Ben Harris was M.C. THE MIRROR OF LIFE representative acted as referee, with Bob Knott as timekeeper. Details:—

SIX ROUNDS CONTEST.

WALTER BROOKS beat GEORGE TYGHE
(Hoxton) (Kingsland).

Brooks set about his man at the start, and in a little over a quarter of a minute Tyghe went out from the effects of a light blow, and left his opponent an easy winner.

SIX ROUNDS CONTEST.

JEM SWEENY beat ALF LEEPER
(Stratford) (Canning Town).

Both have fought at this hall many times, but neither has boxed better or hit harder. Each in turn forced the exchanges and had the best of matters till the last two rounds, when strength began to tell its tale, and making the best use of himself Sweeny set to work and won by a slight margin.

GLOVE CONTEST.

ARCHIE WRIGHT and "DUMMY" FOREST
(Meat Market) (Bethnal Green).

When started it was worse than an exhibition bout, and the audience whistled "Dear Old Pals." After a caution they put more energy in their work, the blows of Forest on the body being rather hard. Wright did not like them, and in the fourth round said he did not require the referee to tell him what to do. The official, after the first round, had not said a word as it was not required, and Wright's seconds persuaded him to finish the bout. Evidently the word had gone round, as "Dummy" did not hit very hard the rest of the journey, and much against the referee's desire he was in justice compelled to give the verdict to Wright.

SPECIAL FOUR ROUNDS DISPLAY.

FRANK CRAIG and JACK WALSH
("The Coffee Cooller") (Canning Town).

A fine exhibition, the antics of the coloured boxer causing much laughter, but anyone that catches his new right-hand hook will not laugh much.

EIGHT ROUNDS CONTEST.

TOM KING beat ERNIE HUNT
(Aldgate) (Hoxton).

This proved a very exciting bout, and as both have been continually victorious opinion was equally divided as to who would win. King at the commencement lost no time, and, scoring well, took the van; but his rival held his own at the second time of asking. Every round was well contested, and in the final rounds King added to his lead and won on points.

SIX ROUNDS CONTEST.

NAT KEYSER beat JACK LEWIS
(Spitalfields) (America).

Our representative has acted as referee during a number of contests between the black and white men, and it has never been the portion of the American to win, the best he has done being what is termed a draw. The old remark that a black man cannot get the decision is always on his lips, and this time it was the same as usual, though all judges of the game knew Keyser won easily. Lewis has never used the dexter hand better or fought better than he did in the opening round, but he left off, and by the fourth round Keyser had drawn level. The fifth was very one-sided, as Keyser hit his rival seven times without a return, and, holding his own easily in the last round, gained the decision. As the black was not satisfied, a gentleman present offered them a piece of gold to box another round. They accepted, and cut it up rather than fight for it, and after a round in which Lewis did more holding than fighting time separated them. Thus the decision that Lewis did not like gained him an extra bit of money.

SIX ROUNDS CONTEST.

BERT ADAMS beat ERNIE SCOTT
(Spitalfields) (Islington).

Adams, since we wrote about cutting up stakes, has been going for all he was worth, and, showing his true form, he sent his man to sleep early in the fourth round.

Next Saturday night will see the great internationa blackand white night. American and Australian lads are the blacks, and Eng ishmen the whites. Even the promoters are black and white, Frank Craig and Joe Smith being partners in this. If seconds are black and white, with the referee a white and the timekeeper a black man, it will constitute a record night, as well as an attendance that will cause the board "House Full" to be hung up.

WONDERLAND, WHITECHAPEL, Next to St. Mary's Station.—The Greatest Boxing Tournament Ever Promoted in England.—Eight Great International Glove Contests (between coloured Americans and the pick of our English lads), under the sole direction of Messrs. Joe Smith and Frank Craig, this Saturday, July 21, 1900. Special Ten Rounds Contest — Ben Mercer (coloured, New York) and Jack Calder (London). Great Ten Rounds Contest.—Jack Lewis (coloured America) and Tom King (Aldgate). Special Eight Rounds Contest. — Jack Dixon (coloured, Nova Scotia) and Mike Casey (St. Luke's). Great Special Six Rounds.—Frank Craig (coloured, the Harlem "Coffee Cooler" and England's middle-weight champion) and Bill Shaw (Stepney). Four Rounds.—Billie Gordon (coloured, America) and Ted Ware (Mile End); Angus Griffo (coloured, Buffalo) and Bill Encott (Spitalfields); Arthur Ray (coloured, Boston) and Ted Goodson (Haggerston); Mike Coughlan (coloured, Yonkers) and Jack Fitzpatrick (Canning Town). Referee, MIRROR OF LIFE; timekeeper, Fred Gedge, Esq (Bacchus, Hoxton); seconds, Tom Ireland and Bill Chester, Tim Spicknell (coloured) and Jem Tryon (coloured). Prices: 1s. 2s, enclosure 3s ring seats 5s, reserved and numbered stage seats 10s 6d. Doors open 7.45, commence sharp 8.15. Come early and secure a good seat, on account of the monster programme. Apply for reserve tickets to Messrs. Joe Smith and Frank Craig, Queen Victoria, Barnet Grove, Bethnal Green, and Cambridge House, 72, Cambridge Road, London, E. Telephone No. "670 East."

JOHNNY HUGHES, OF LONDON, v. Dave Johnson, of Oldham.—Johnny Hughes writes:—"Just a few lines, to let you know that, having quite recovered from my broken leg, I have made a match with Dave Johnson, of Oldham, at catch-weight, twenty three-minute rounds for £100 a-side. £20 a-side is already deposited, and the sum of £30 will be paid on Monday, July 16, and £50 a-side on July 30, 4oz gloves to be used and a 18ft ring, for the best purse offered, on August 13. We shall be at Stalybridge next Friday with our saloon for a week. Please oblige me by putting this in your valuable paper, so as to give boxing promoters a chance to offer a purse."

ALF LEEPER WOULD BE PLEASED to box any lad in the north fifteen or twenty rounds at 8st 4lb if Mr. Tom Wickwar will give a purse at his next show. Early answer will oblige.

PETER MAHER DEFEATS STEVE O'DONNELL.

(From Our Own Correspondent at the Ring Side.)

PETER MAHER.

NEW YORK, JULY 7, 1900.—STEVE O'Donnell, the Australian heavy-weight, had his nose broken, was knocked down three times, and was finally beaten into a helpless condition by Peter Maher at the Broadway A.C. last night. All this happened inside of 1min 48sec of the first round. When O'Donnell was on the floor, vainly trying to get up, Referee Charley White interfered and saved the Australian from further injury. Just why the Broadway Club put on this bout is hard to understand. Maher knocked O'Donnell out in a punch at Maspeth on November 11, 1895. Again, on Christmas Day, 1896, O'Donnell was stopped by the big Irishman in less than a minute at Coney Island. On April 26, 1897, the men boxed a six rounds draw at Philadelphia, but a month later in another go the Australian lasted two rounds. Not more than 1,000 persons gathered to see this one-sided mill. Nobody expected O'Donnell to win, and everybody looked for a quick ending. O'Donnell hit Maher once, landing a left hook on the jaw at close quarters, but in return he received enough wallops to take all the fight out of him in jig time. Such bouts tend to hurt the game of boxing, and when last night's event was over the crowd went away in bad humour. The preliminary was provided by Austin Rice, of New London, and "Kid" Watson, of Philadelphia, who was matched to go twelve rounds at 120lb, with Charley White as referee. Watson was practically knocked out in the eleventh round. Time, 1min 19sec. The only betting on the Maher-O'Donnell bout was even money that the latter would stay six rounds. Maher's seconds were Peter Lowry, Pete Burns, and Jem Marrow. O'Donnell was cared for by Sam Fitzpatrick, Florrie Barnett, and Lew Morgan. Maher said he weighed 182lb, and O'Donnell admitted 185. The conditions were twenty-five rounds at catch-weights, Queensberry rules. Before they shook hands young Griffo, the well-known Australian light-weight, was introduced; also Jemmy Handler and Bill Hanrahan. Maher had it announced that he would like to meet Ruhlin in a twenty-five rounds bout as soon as convenient. Maher was all confidence when he faced his opponent. O'Donnell's legs were shaking, and he wore a scared look on his face. Maher rushed without delay, and drove a left for the jaw. O'Donnell ducked and clinched. Maher got clear and put a right into the body. Steve threw his arms around the Irishman's head and hung on until broken. Then as they broke away Maher rushed his timid antagonist to a corner and walloped him on the nose with a great left. Steve's nose swelled up to three times its natural size, and began to bleed. O'Donnell wobbled, and Maher then knocked him down with a right-hand smash on the ear. O'Donnell got up bleeding and groggy. He met Maher's inevitable rush with a good left hook on the jaw, the only blow he landed in the fight. But Peter swung more powerful blows to the Australian's head and knocked him down again. As the referee counted nine O'Donnell got to his feet. He could hardly stand and he looked to be frightened out of his wits. Maher got to the jaw again and sent the poor fellow down for the third time. O'Donnell took a full count, and when he was on his feet he was ready to drop. Maher put a right on the jaw with tremendous power, and the Australian fell over backward in a heap. He was willing to go on, but the referee saved him and named Maher the winner. O'Donnell was lugged to his corner by his seconds, a completely beaten pugilist. It was five minutes before he was able to stand up and put on his clothes. The crowd yelled for another bout, but the lights were lowered as a sign that there was no more sport.

AMERICAN CABLEGRAMS.

WE HAVE RECEIVED THE FOLlowing cables:—

NEW YORK, *July* 11.
THE MIRROR OF LIFE, *London.*
At the Seaside Athletic Club last night Joe Gans knocked out Young Griffo, of Australia, in the eighth round.
MARTIN.

LATER.

NEW YORK, *July* 14.
THE MIRROR OF LIFE, *London.*
Bill Hanrahan knocked out Jack Bonner in the twenty-first round last evening. Hanrahan open to box any middle-weight in the world. £100 posted with Martin Dowling.
SAM FITZPATRICK.
Manager, Billy Hanrahan.

LATEST.

NEW YORK, *July* 17.
THE MIRROR OF LIFE, *London.*
On Monday, at the Madison Square Garden, Terry McGovern knocked out Frank Erne in the third round.
MARTIN.

BOXING IN WORCESTER.—WORcester, renowned as being the city sacred to the fight between Tom Spring and Jack Langham, was recently visited by Professor Moore's boxing troupe, and the races being on they received a hearty welcome from the racing fraternity. For the benefit of the "heads" a grand night's sport was arranged, which consisted of two six-round contests between Alf Fielder, of London, and Harry Tongue, of Birmingham, and Jack Fulton, of Newcastle, and Jack Lamb, of Halifax. The first pair to enter the ring was Alf Fielder, of London, and Harry Tongue, of Birmingham. Details: Round 1. Tongue, who had the advantage in both height and weight, was the first to lead off, but his opponent soon retaliated with both left and right, and there was very little in it when time was called. Round 2. Both set to work in earnest and the round ended in the favour of Tongue. Rounds 3 and 4 were very hotly contested, both trying for all they were worth, and as they retired to their corners honours were equal. Rounds 5 and 6. Both trying very hard to bring matters to a close, and in Round 6 Fielder had slightly the best of matters, and after great excitement the referee ordered an extra round, which was fought in hammer and *tongue* style, and the referee declared a draw after a capital set-to. The next two to enter the ring were Jack Fulton and Jack Lamb. The conditions were for Lamb to stop Fulton inside six rounds. Lamb, who is fully 2st heavier than his opponent, failed to put paid to his bill in the limited number of rounds, which was grandly contested. Three rounds exhibition betwenn Charlie Arrowsmith, of Walsall, v. Joe Elms, the black, which was a grand set-to, and also the Prof. Moore's midgets, "Snowball" and "Figg," which ended in a capital set-to. A grand wind-up of the evening with the unequalled lady champion boxer of the world, Miss Annie, of Bristol, and Miss Francis Bell, the coloured lady boxer of America, who boxed three hard rounds amidst great applause. The seconds for Fielder were Arrowsmith and Joe Elms, Tongue's seconds were Jack Lamb and a friend. Prof. Moore, M.C.; referee, Matt Precious (Birmingham), 7st 8lb champion of England; timekeeper, Joe Williams, of Rotherham, 7st champion of England.

BOXING AT MANCHESTER.—FOUR lads entered for the 8st 4lb competition, which took place on Friday, July 13 last, at Mr. C. M. Corlette's rooms, 123, Princess Street, Manchester. The first pair to enter the ring were T. Wells (Miles Platting) and S. Brown (Ardwick). Wells had the measure of his opponent all through the first round, and after severe punishment Brown gave up early in the second round. W. Wallwork (Hulme) and W. Smith (Manchester) were the next pair, and three good, sharp, punishing rounds saw Smith, who had a big advantage in height and reach, the winner. The final between Smith and Wells proved interesting. Wells being much lighter kept a good distance, and in the first and last rounds punished Smith with a good left, and ultimately got the verdict, winning a hard fight.

I, H. WILLIAMS, OF 49 MESS, H.M.S. Duke of Wellington, will box D. O'Brien ten or fifteen rounds if any gentleman in Portsmouth will give a purse worth boxing for. I, H. Williams to be 10st. O'Brien can come at what weight he likes. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will be promptly attended to as business is only meant.

BILL BEARWISH HAVING RECOVered from his accident and being dissatisfied with the decision in his contest with Bill Izzard at Wonderland, will box Izzard ten or fifteen rounds for the Wonderland purse.

WANTED A PAIR OF MIDGET boxers to travel with a weight-lifting exhibition; long engagement. Apply, stating age and weight, to Goliath and May, Fair Ground, Vinegar Hill, Glasgow, Scotland.

MAXEY KANE WRITES HE WILL box Michel McGowen at 130lb, or if he does not accept will fight any man at 130lb before the club offering the largest purse.

"KID" BROAD DEFEATS DAVE SULLIVAN.

(From Our Own Correspondent at the Ring Side.)

NEW YORK, JULY 4, 1900.—IN THE sixteenth round of a hard glove fight at the Seaside Sporting Club of Coney Island last night, Dave Sullivan, the Boston feather-weight, was disqualified for hitting "Kid" Broad, of Cleveland, below the belt. Up to that time Broad had out-pointed Sullivan, who received a severe punching with remarkable pluck. It would not be fair to say that Sullivan committed an intentional foul, but the blow upon which he was ruled out could not be overlooked. About 3,000 spectators saw the mill, which was exciting at every stage. Sullivan was favourite over Broad at odds of 10 to 8. The former was handled by his brother, "Spike" Sullivan, Jack Hanley, Jimmy Deforest, and Billy Charlton. Broad's seconds were Pete Burns, Walter O'Connor, and Sam Bolan. They were matched to fight twenty-five rounds at 128lb., weigh in at three o'clock. Both men wore bandages on their hands. Sullivan, who was in splendid condition, began forcing the fight as soon as the bell called them out. Dave out-pointed his man with fast feints on the face and solid right handers to the body. Broad countered with effect on the head and ribs. Sullivan began the second round with more swift left-handers, but Broad, who was warming up to his work, stood him off with jabs and swings. They were soon in a hot rally, Sullivan making his opponent clinch from hard belts in the stomach. Broad was the pacemaker at the opening of the third round. He shot his left repeatedly into Dave's face, but the latter soon beat him off with body blows and hot swings on the neck. The round was even, but not so exciting as the crowd wanted. Sullivan's mouth was cut in the fourth, Broad pouring in more lefts. Dave mixed it, and the "Kid" said he was hit below the belt. The referee paid no attention to the protest. Broad then began rushing heavily with a hard right on the jaw, and he sent Sullivan down for a full count. When Dave got up Broad tried to finish him, but Sullivan, while in distress, staggered the "Kid" with smashes on the stomach, and kept him off until the bell. Broad was hustling again in the fifth. He reached the mouth and neck with solid swings, and Sullivan staggered. Broad rushed fiercely, and in a desperate mix Sullivan's left eye was split open. Broad went in with left and right swings delivered so rapidly that Sullivan was bewildered, but Dave kept his feet, and finished well. Sullivan met a rush in the sixth with a hot swing on the jaw that made Broad clinch. The latter stood off then, and peppered Dave's face with lefts. Sullivan swung wildly, and Broad, getting to close quarters, staggered Dave with a couple of belts on the head. Broad was faster now, while Sullivan was comparatively slow in landing his blows. Broad had a big advantage all through the round. Broad wasted no time in the seventh. He went to his man with sharp punches in the face. Sullivan used his feet, and also blocked some, but at that he was forced to receive a gruelling punching. Broad was in again with quick facers in the eighth. Sullivan tried hard swings for the jaw, but they were for the most part wild until he got Broad near the ropes. Then Dave shook his man with several wallops on the head. Broad stood away after that, and banged Sullivan's face again with long lefts. Sullivan met his antagonist in the ninth with straight left and right swings on the neck that were effective enough to make the "Kid" cautious. Broad waited for an opening then, and walloped the damaged eye with a punch that made Sullivan wince. Dave rallied near the end, and with a left jolt on the jaw he pulled Broad up to a halt. Broad was forcing it again in the tenth, but Sullivan stood up and exchanged smashes with him until the "Kid" was on the defensive. Broad cut loose again the next moment, and drove in the blows to the head with such rapidity that Sullivan had to clinch. They roughed it in the last minute. Broad countered his man as soon as they came out for the eleventh, and an old-fashioned bee resulted. Broad landed the cleaner blows, but Sullivan had many punches left. When the round ended Sullivan was bleeding from the mouth, nose, and eye. In the twelfth, Broad continued to shoot in facers, which again covered Dave's face with crimson fluid. Sullivan countered steadily on the head, but he did not seem able to weaken the "Kid," who was after him hard in the last minute. Sullivan improved somewhat in the thirteenth. He used a higher guard, and reached the neck with enough swings to keep Broad on the go. Sullivan worked hard toward the end, and had the round. Before the fourteenth began Sullivan's seconds complained to the referee that Broad's handlers were using some kind of suffocating ointment upon him, but the referee waved them off. Then Broad resumed his former tactics, pounding the damaged face with swings and jabs, while Sullivan took them all and mixed it hotly. Broad outpunched his man, however, and Dave was weak in the legs when he sat down. In the fifteenth Sullivan was staggered with a heavy left on the jaw, but he quickly sent home a left that made the "Kid" wabble too. A moment before the gong Sullivan was jarred again with a left and right flush on the jaw. Dave's face was in ribbons. The sixteenth round was scarcely under way when Broad was forcing it again with renewed vigour. Sullivan finally landed in a left-hander well below the belt. Broad sank to the floor, and Referee Madden promptly disqualified Sullivan. The time of the round was 1min and 54sec.

HEXHAM HOUSE SALOON, NEWCASTLE.—A boxing match between two coloured boxers is not often seen, and the fact that Mr. James Lowes had got together a couple of no mean repute to constitute the chief show on Saturday evening was the means of attracting a very large crowd of spectators to the Hexham House Saloon. The proceedings opened with a three rounds bout between J. Johnson and W. Brown, and they went at it exceedingly merrily for the time they were in the ring. They were succeeded by J. Wright, of Stanley, and J. Thornton, of Newcastle, and this pair also pleased immensely, but the three rounds between T. Stevenson, of Gateshead, and W. Conway, of Newcastle, were rather tame. A most interesting show, however, was that between "Darkey" Carpenter and "Kid" Veitch, and the trio of rounds they boxed pleased the onlookers in the greatest degree. These exhibitions paved the way for the affair of the evening—a contest of six rounds between those coloured boxers, H. Aleck, of Santa Cruz, and Jasper White, of America, the well-known buck-dancer. So far as size was concerned they are in the middle-weight class, and a pair could not have been better matched so far as science was concerned. When they were told to commence operations they each went to work in the severest of fashion, each using both hands freely. For the first three rounds White had somewhat the best of matters, but in the last three Aleck made up a lot of leeway, and the referee rightly gave his verdict as a draw. It was a great fight, from a spectator's point of view. In fact, a better has been seldom seen in the north. Aleck was seconded by "Spider" Carr and White by George Bohee, one of the brothers of that famous name. Jack Palmer was referee, and Mr. Lumley timekeeper. The men were afterwards matched to box ten rounds this (Wednesday) evening for a substantial stake and a purse. For Saturday evening next M. Elliott and J. Murphy are matched to box eight rounds.

BOXING AT NEWCASTLE.—BEFORE a well-filled house, for a purse given by Professor G. Campbell, two noted local knuckle fighters donned the mittens for supremacy in the new style. The proceedings started with an exhibition by the Hartley Midgets, who boxed three clever rounds. This over, then came the chief event. Six Rounds Contest: T. Wilson (Newcastle) v. D. Harrison (Gateshead). — Referee, "Dido" Vardy (Newcastle); timekeeper, Tom O'Neil (Gateshead); seconds, H. Smith and Tom Riley (Belfast); M.C., Prof. Campbell. Round 1. Harrison led off with a swinging left but was short, Wilson countering heavily with the right. In holds at the end of round. Round 2. A long range round, both hitting and getting away. Round 3. A hard-fought round, first one and then the other gaining. Round 4. Both men strong and hitting hard, and a lot of swinging hits going missing. Round 5. Harrison first in the lead, short; clinched; a general mix up all over the ring; blood on both combatants. Round 6. A repetition of the foregoing rounds, both lads putting energy into their work; audience cheering first one and then the other. Had to be separated on time. "Dido" Vardy announced that his decision was based on six rounds, and, as the men did not want to box any more, he declared the contest a draw. After which, by special request, "Dido" Vardy and Tom O'Neil boxed three rattling rounds, which, by the shower of copper and silver, found approval with the company.

T. HICKMAN, MANCHESTER.—Seeing that Bert Smith and Billy Ross are anxious to meet, I will give a £15 purse for them to box at the Excelsior Club and box ten or fifteen rounds. As Bert Smith has accepted the offer I would like to hear from Billy Ross at his earliest convenience.

JACK FULTON, OF NEWCASTLE, would like to box any lad in Lancashire or Yorkshire at 9st 6lb. Sam Parker, of Leeds, or Harry Tongue, of Birmingham, can be accommodated at their own weight if anyone will give a purse worth boxing for.

EASTLEIGH v. BRIXTON.

PENNELL (EASTLEIGH) v. SANDERS (BRIXTON). FIRST ROUND FOR THE EASTLEIGH SHIELD.

CLOSE AND EXCITING MATCH AT the Eastleigh Club, in which the Eastleigh candidate emerges with success in the last round.—This contest, which has been anxiously looked forward to by both clubs, took place on Wednesday last before a crowded hall of spectators, most of whom seemed to be in Sanders's favour, he having done some good work for Brixton. The first round was opened cautiously; both meant taking great care over each movement, and defended themselves in grand style. The second round was a little brisker, and some exciting exchanges took place in which Sanders was floored, although otherwise everything seemed to be in his favour. In the third round Sanders tried to force matters, but Pennell took to his work steadily and stood firm. The fourth round was smartly contested, Sanders presumably making a strong bid for the delivery of the knock-out blow, which, however, he found more difficult to deliver upon the Eastleigh candidate than he expected. Then came the fifth round, in which Pennell took the match entirely in his own hands, and with some splendid smart and tricky work thrice laid Sanders low, on the last occasion almost doing the needed. Then opened the sixth round, which Pennell still governed, and following up his display in the former round fairly upset Sanders, who was gradually getting worn down. The seventh round opened strongly in Pennell's favour, but midway through same Sanders made his last and futile effort at success, which made no impression whatever upon the Eastleigh member. Then opened the eighth round, in which Pennell made boldly for the delivery of the knock-out blow, which Sanders did his utmost to avoid, but Pennell having found out his weak points earlier in the match, fairly had him at his mercy, and after flooring him on two occasions got home the winning blow in the last round amid a strong reception from the onlookers. The Brixton candidate, although a loser, fought splendidly, but I am strongly of opinion Pennell is by far his master. Undoubtedly this result will enable Brixton to lose a little of their confidence which they had previous to the match, and will acknowledge the superiority of the Eastleigh candidate to theirs. As Pennell has represented all challenges ere this I think it only right that another member should represent the next round, so that Pennell may be given a rest which, I am sure, he thoroughly deserves. The second round takes place on July 25, when Mr. Dangerfield or Mr. Lawfield will perhaps kindly represent the Eastleigh Club in Pennell's stead.

LANCE-CORPORAL KIRBY, WELL-known in boxing circles, now at the front, sends us the following letter:—

2nd Middlesex Regiment,
Natal Field Force,
South Africa.
Volkrust, June 18, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—It gives me great pleasure to write your paper once more to say that I am in the land of the living. Shall not be sorry when this war is all over. I don't mind the fighting; it's the hardships we have to endure. I am glad to say that I am in the very best of health.

I will give an account of the last bit of fighting my regiment took active part. We were on parade 7.20 a.m., June 6. We were told that the regiment were going out on reconnaissance. We marched off 8 a.m., came in contact with enemy about 11.30 a.m., who opened fire on us. We advanced towards Boer position, got about 1,500 yards, then we opened fire, and still advancing, the Boers retiring steadily. We kept on until we got amongst the grass, which was on fire. The Boers saw this; it gave them a bit of h art, but it was soon taken out of them by a section of D company rushing with fixed bayonets. The Boers soon pushed off, then we took the hill—namely, Van Wyke's. Dorsets and Dublin Fusiliers came up late in the day. We held the hill between us, while other brigades took Botha's Pass. On June 10 had another go. Artillery and naval guns open fire on Olman's Pass, the Dorsets firing line, my regiment the supports, Dubs. on our right. We took the pass just before sunset, the Boers flying in all directions. This was the key to Laing's Nek. In all we were seven days marching and fighting. Now we are having a hard-earned rest at above place. Have met Sergeant Jobson, East Surrey's, last year's F.W. champion; also Sergeant Archer, Dorsets, and several more.

I will now close my letter, hoping to be home among the boys again. Best wishes to Dick Jordan, Jack Farley, and Jack Hare (Plaistow), and all the boys.

I remain, yours truly,
LANCE-CORPORAL KIRBY
(10st Champion 2nd Middlesex Regiment).

P.S.—We have shown the Boers we can fight with our rifles as well as with our fists. Jem Holloway has found that out by now I should think.

C. GOODE, OF PORTSMOUTH, writes to say in answer to Arthur Abbott, of Stratford, that he cannot undertake any boxing at present, as business prevents him, but he (C. G.) will be pleased to box A. A. at the end of September or later, on the following conditions—the best of fifteen or twenty rounds at 8st 8lb (as he can box well within 8st 4lb), a side bet of £25 and the N.S.C. purse. C. G. will place £5 down in September with THE MIRROR OF LIFE as a guarantee.

JACK EVERHARDT'S VISIT TO THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB.

JACK EVERHARDT, WHO IS A well-built and most determined-looking boxer, standing about 5ft 8in, called at THE MIRROR OF LIFE on Saturday, accompanied by his manager. A representative of THE MIRROR OF LIFE took Jack to the N.S.C. and introduced him to the manager, Mr. A. F. Bettinson, who showed him over the club, with which attention Jack was highly pleased. Jack is desirous of completing the arrangements for a match before starting on his Continental trip, so that he may be aware of the date and return in time to undergo a thorough course of training. Having stated the weight he desired to box at, Mr. Bettinson informed the visitor of a scarcity of performers in this country at or about that limit. Everhardt stated that he is particularly anxious to fix up a meeting with Dick Burge, and to ensure such an engagement he would willingly concede a few pounds to the last-named, if necessary. Such a match, however, was improbable. The names of Pat Daly, Johnny Hughes, Tom Woodley, and a few others were introduced, and subsequently Mr. Bettinson decided to make no definite arrangement for a few days, but he assured the visitor everything would be done to find him a suitable customer, as the members would be delighted to see the man who put up so memorable a battle with "Kid" Lavigne when at his best perform in their roped enclosure. Jack is a broad-shouldered, intellectual, and well-conducted youth, and one who is sure to become very popular. His appearance stamps him as one full of determination, and possessing no mean ability, he should prove himself a suitable exponent to uphold the honour of his country. Jack, who was born in New Orleans, is twenty-eight years old, and stands 5ft 7in. In the course of the long conversation which took place Everhardt informed our representative that in consequence of the trouble with the powers that be on the other side it is more than probable several of the front rank of American boxers would visit this country at the fall of the year. He, however, entertains little doubt about boxing being placed upon its original basis in the course of a little while. Everhardt holds a high opinion of J. J. Jeffries, Gus Ruhlin, Tom Sharkey, and Bob Fitzsimmons, of the heavy-weights; Tommy Ryan and "Kid" McCoy of the middle; Frank Erne, Joe Gans, Matty Matthews, Charley M'Keever, Owen Ziegler, and "Kid" M'Partland of the light-weights, and below that Terry McGovern is acknowledged a nonpariel. Speaking of his old opponent, "Kid" Lavinge, Jack regretted to say the Saginaw Kid had gone back a lot. Late hours and an easy life have left the "Kid" with little of his former ability, and he added that the last-named at the time of his success over Dick Burge was a gem of a fighter, and the best man at his weight seen for many a day. McGovern, it is admitted, is in a class by himself, while Erne is a great two-handed fighter. In referring to the match between the two last-mentioned celebrities Jack said: "It should be a great fight, and where the winner could not be easily selected." While having considerable doubt of his doing the weight, Jack added, "If Erne is strong in the ring he should win. He is a clever boxer, if not a punisher, and will derive much assistance from his extra inches." It is, however, open to doubt if Frank can do 128 to be strong, and any defect would mean a win for McGovern. Of the Sharkey and Ruhlin battle the visitors stated that the "Sailor Boy," as usual, made a gallant stand, but was bothered by his rival's longer reach. Ruhlin is considered one of the cleverest fighters of the day, and a likely one to depose Jeffries of the premier title. He is cleverer than the last named, and moreover is a greater punisher. Much improvement is credited to him. After discussing many other boxing events the visitors were shown over the club premises, and both expressed themselves satisfied that it was in every way the best institution of its kind, and a befitting rendezvous for the boxing headquarters of the world.

CLARENCE HOLT AND BILL PIKE, or the Mill in the Old Style which did not Come Off.—Clarence Holt states that he was surprised at Pike crying a go. They were matched to fight with nature's weapons for £10 a-side last Sunday, but before the time arrived Pike refused to fight, and wanted to back a veteran, forty years of age, against Holt at catch-weight. Holt himself is thirty-nine, and the lowest weight he can do is 8st 12lb, so that to talk of fighting at 8st 6lb is foolish. If Pike wants a match he can have one on fair terms, or Holt's backer will match a veteran against his for £50 to £500. An answer with a deposit will lead to business.

(*Continued on page* 14.)

JOHN R. GENTRY,
The Celebrated Trotting Stallion, who Made the Record in 1894 of 2-08¾.

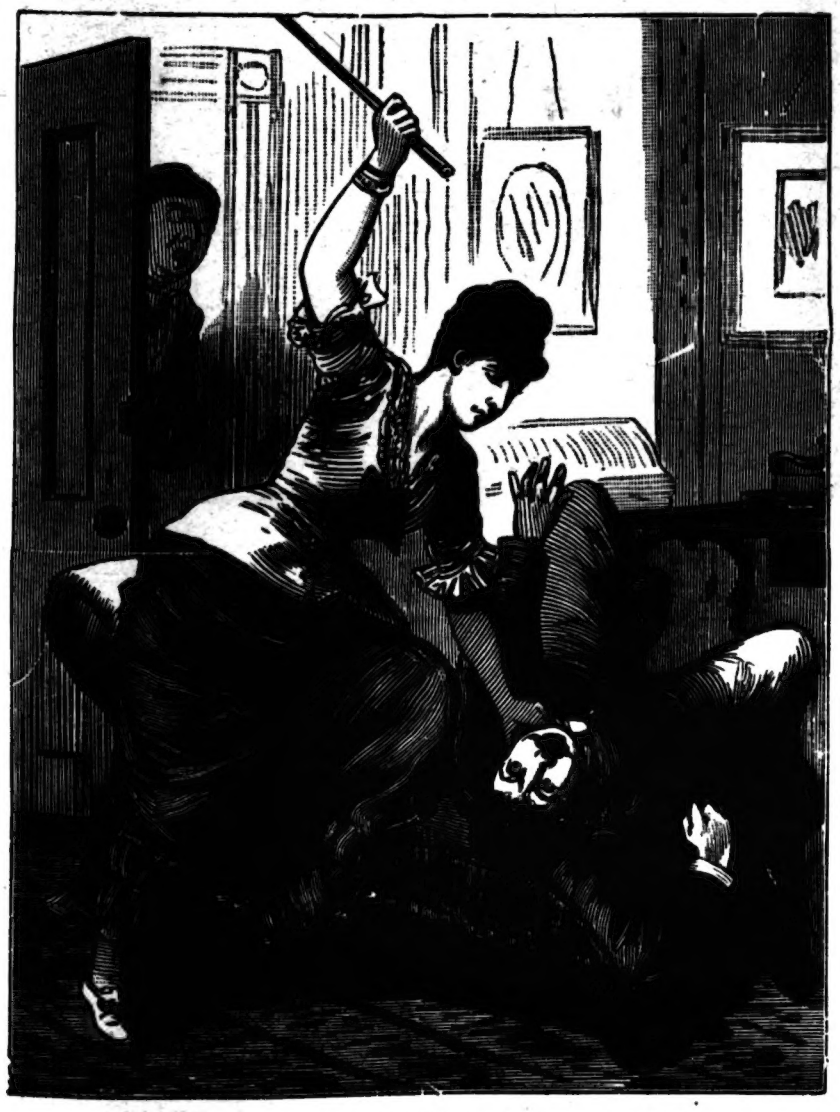
ALARMED BY A MIDNIGHT INTRUDER.
The Would-be Burglar had the Worst of It.

THE FLANAGAN FAMILY.

Michael Flanagan, Irish Champion of 56lb Weight in 1872; John Flanagan, Champion 16lb Hammer-thrower; Mike J. Flanagan, All-round Champion, Maryland College; Jem Flanagan, Champion Irish Sprinter; "Kid" Dan Flanagan has Defeated all Limerick Lads in All-round Sports; Will, Pat, [illegible]n, all Strong and Promising; Two Sisters who are Strong and Good Wheelwomen; J. J. F. Flanagan Created a World's Record Throw with 163ft 1in.

HARRY CLIFTON,

The Noted Musical Performer in Dublin, and Lucky Tipster.



HE WANTED A DIVORCE ON THE SPOT,

After Being Thrashed by his Wife.

FIXED THE GAMBLER'S HAND TO THE TABLE.

Dispute at Poker Leads to Bloodshed.

(*Continued from Page* 11.)

THE MAFEKING GYMNASIUM, LEICESTER.

TOM WICKWAR WRITES FROM the New Mafeking Gymnasium, Bread Street, Leicester: I have got another big show coming off on the first day of Leicester Races, Tuesday, July 24, when the tit-bit of the evening will be the match between Corfield (Sheffield) and Slark (London). They have been matched to fight the best of ten rounds for a big side stake and my purse. The same evening there will be two more fights, one between Charley Taylor (Leicester), who defeated Ernest Brady (Newcastle) in fifteen rounds, and Jack Orton Leicester, who are matched to box the best of ten rounds for £25 a-side and my purse, also ten rounds between Billy Hancock, Leicester, who defeated Billy Rowe in six rounds, and Ted Thorne for £10 a side.

AVERAGE CAREER OF FIGHTERS.

THE FOLLOWING IS A LIST OF prominent fighters and the length of their career in the ring: James J. Jeffries (champion heavy-weight), about 3yr; Tom Sharkey, about 6; Bob Fitzsimmons has been fighting over 14; Corbett since 1886, which means 14; Peter Maher (the Irish heavy-weight) has been in the ring 12; Gus Ruhlin has been in the ring 7; "Kid" McCoy has been in the fighting business 10; Joe Choynski has been fighting over 16; "Syracuse" Tommy Ryan has seen over 12; Dick O'Brien, 10; Frank Craig (the "Harlem Coffee Cooler"), 9; Dan Creedon, 10; Tommy West, 11; Jack Bonner, 8; "Kid" Lavigne, 12; Dick Burge, 12; "Spike" Sullivan, 8; Jack Everhardt, 7; Joe Gans, (the coloured light-weight), 6; Eddie Connelly, 6; Charley McKeever, 6; George Green (young Corbett), 11; Tom Tracey, 10; Joe Walcott, 10; "Mysterious" Billy Smith, 10; "Kid" McPartland, 6; Dal Hawkins, 13; Jack Daly (Wilmington), 8; George Dixon (former light-weight champion of the world), 15; Ben Jordan, 6; Joe Bernstein, 6; Martin Flaherty, 12; Tommy White (the Chicago feather-weight), 11; Willie Curley (England), 7; Frank Erne (light-weight champion of the world), has been in the ring 4; Casper Leon, 9; Oscar Gardner (the Omaha "Kid"), 10; "Pedlar" Palmer (England), 8; Terry McGovern (the feather-weight and bantam-weight champion of the world), has been in the ring only 3; Solly Smith, 9; Dave Sullivan, 6; Jack O'Brien (the light-weight), 4; George McFadden, 6; Matty Matthews, 6; Tim Kearns, 4; Billy Whistler, 6; George Byers, 6; Jack Root (Chicago), 4; Frank McConnell, 4; Eddie Lenny, 5; Marty McCue, 6.

ALF FIELDER, OF LONDON, BEING dissatisfied with the verdict of a draw with Harry Tongue, of Birmingham, would like to box Tongue again if any gentleman will give a purse. Fielder will make Harry Tongue a present of his extra weight.

HE WANTED A DIVORCE ON THE SPOT.

After Being Thrashed by His Wife.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"You have taken her for better or worse, and must stick to your bargain!" this was the answer the bench delivered to a much abused husband, who wanted his worship to give him a divorce at sight. With a long tale of woe he told how the partner of his home and board used, when the humour was upon her, to possess herself with his walking stick, and being the stronger of the twain would throw the applicant down and lay it on pretty thick, but the bench declined to interfere, and the best he could do was to grin and bear it.

A CALL FOR THE FERRY BOAT.

Blowing the Horn Across the Stream.

(Subject of Illustration.)

One of the old-fashioned methods by which the travellers called across the river to attract the ferryman's attention is depicted in our illustration. Here a couple of Toronto farmers, who wish to c oss, tootle on an old cowhorn, which arouses the boatman. But time changes all things, and what with the general improvement, such as the wireless telegraphy, the old whistle and horn are only relics of the past, and stand among the bric-a-brac to adorn a modern table among the up-to-date upholstery.

THERE IS AN EXCEPTIONALLY good company this week at the Middlesex, including Tom Leamore, Harry Anderson, Wilson and Waring, The Fanes, and others.

MISS FRANCES HARROLD AND Company have just concluded a highly successful engagement at the Middlesex.

EUGENE STRATTON IS SINGING A new song at the Tivoli entitled "I Don't Know Nobody."

TOM COSTELLO'S LATEST SONG "I'm Going to Fight the Boers and Bring My Daddy Back Again" is a huge success.

THE STAFF OF THE QUEEN'S, Poplar, had a highly successful day at Folkestone on Sunday last.

THE BATTERSEA VARIETIES RE-opened on Monday last, Mr. Leach adopting the two houses a night show.

MR. FRED HARRIS, OF THE Queen's, Poplar, supplied a car in the recent Poplar carnival, which was voted a big success all along the route.

MISS KATIE LAWRENCE HAS BEEN scoring well at Gatti's with her latest success, "Tommy, Jack, and Joe."

IMRO FOX AND HIS PIGEONS ARE supplying a capital and mystifying turn at Collins's. Bransby Williams is also going strong in his Hamlet impersonations.

JUDGE'S MARVELLOUS PERFORM-ing cockatoos, numbering some smart acrobats, supply a clever turn at the Granville, Walham Green.

"THE CASINO GIRL" IS PLAYING to tremendous business at the Shaftesbury Theatre.

AT THE PALACE THEATRE SOME remarkably fine pictures are being shown through the medium of the biograph.

THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT Houdini, the King of Handcuffs, is a very big attraction at the Alhambra; he is puzzling everybody by the mysterious manner in which he frees himself from his shackles. Mr. Dundas Slater has a new ballet ready for production when required, entitled "The Handy Man," and a good title too.

CHARLES LAURI AND A STRONG company are appearing at the Brighton Alhambra this week in a clever sketch, entitled "The Good Old Woman." The Phantos are also a big turn at this hall.

AT THE TIVOLI PAT RAFFERTY makes a hurried appearance immediately after the overture, and from his turn the fun may safely said to be kept going to the final turn, which is contributed by Joe Elvin and Co., in his successful sketch "The Bookie."

THE LONDON HIPPODROME, WITH its two performances daily, continues to draw huge crowds in spite of the weather. The Schaffer Family, the plunging horses, and some capital war p ctures are some of the principal attractions in a lengthy programme.

THE HOT WEATHER DOES NOT seem to have any effect on the audiences at the Queen's, Poplar, and Mr. Fred Harris is coping with crowded houses. My old friend Pat Rafferty, bedad, is provoking great enthusiasm with his "What do you think of the Irish now?" and "Have another go"; Pat is highly popular, and the choruses of his songs are taken up with much spirit. Miss Lily Marney, "there's hair"; Miss Lillie Langtry, a most sprightly and vivacious young lady of "Margate Boat" fame; and many others help with the programme, to say nothing of two capital sketches by capable people. The Queen's is well worth a visit.

MR. MARTIN HARVEY'S SEASON at the Prince of Wales's Theatre closed on Saturday last, when that admirably-acted play "The Only Way" was played for the last time. Mr. Harvey, who is fond of work, and is one of our most ambitious actor-managers, will probably revive "Romeo and Juliet" in the autumn. He also hints at a Christmas production in the shape of a fairy piece. Mr. Harvey recently met with a rebuff in the shape of "Don Juan's Last Wager," the piece for some reason not hitting the public taste, though why I could never understand. The play was magnificently acted and staged, and presented Mr. Harvey to very great advantage.

DAVE.

PAT CONDON,

A Well-known Figure at the Ring-side, and a Capable Second at the N.S.C.

(With Portrait.)

Pat Condon commenced boxing under the mentorship of George Cunningham, senr., and won the first competition he entered at the Peacock Assembly Rooms, Cambridge Road, promoted by Sergeant Green, defeating T. Pohl, 9st, Bill Ames, and Andy Elms, of Shoreditch, in the final. Entered 10st competition at the Griffin Assembly Rooms, Shoreditch, beaten by Jack Burke, the Irish lad, in semi-finals, after extra round had been ordered. Won 10st competition, defeating George Nottage, of Shoreditch, in final. Beat Jem Daly, of Clerkenwell, Arthur Cooper, of Clerkenwell, and beaten by Walter Hibbard—reported one of the most disgraceful decisions ever given. In a six rounds trial at the Commonwealth Club, Bethnal Green Road, stopped Walter Hibbard in 3rds. Fought Davenport (the black) ten-round draw; defeated by Ted White, ten-round contest. Beat Miller, of Portsmouth, in heavy-weight competition. Defeated by Jack Massey in semi-finals. Defeated by Alec Roberts, in the old style, for £25 purse (38rds, 1hr 25min), a Downham, in Norfolk. Beat Jack Hawkes, Johnny Walker, Bill Natty, and drew with Jem Picton in the final of 10st 6lb competition at Lambeth School of Arms. Twelve rounds draw with Alec Roberts at West-end School of Arms. Twelve rounds draw with Billy Natty, Lambeth School of Arms. Beaten by Charley Mitchell in competition at Chelsea Baths (catch-weights). Run through preliminary heats of Madden competition, and defeated by Dick Roberts in semi-finals after extra round had been ordered. Beat Peter Breslin, of Islington, in preliminary, and beaten by Dick Roberts in final, after extra round had been ordered. Then turned instructor, and was appointed instructor to West London Boxing Club, Middleton Boxing Club Finsbury Polytechnic B.C., West Kent A.V., Westminster Rifles. Pat Condon, besides being a 'bung' or publican, is one of the official seconds at the N.S.C.

JEM EXALL,

A Clever Little Bantam, Who Hails from Bermondsey.

(With Portrait.)

Beat Bill Cole, 4rds; W. Thornton, 3rds; A. Smeal, 1½rds; H. Wooder, 3rds; H. Smith, 3rds; H. Kennedy, 2½rds; Bob Howard, 12rds; won 8st 10lb competition, defeating Harry Kennedy in the final in 1½rds; beat H. Smith again in 2rds; beat H. Wooder again in 6rds; fought Herbert Rix a draw, 6rds; beaten by Bill Pincombe, 12rds; beat George Ganny, 12rds; beat Bill Green, 12rds; beat Bob Howard, 9rds; beaten by Bob Herridge in a 4rd contest; won a 7st competition, defeating Tom May in the final in 2½rds; beat Alf Healey, 1½rds; beat "Wag" Knight, 3rds; beat H. Smith, 4rds; fought Ben Gray, 6rds, no decision; beat Bob Howard, 4rds, at the Kennington Social Club; defeated by Alf Rosser in 17rds for £75 at the New Adelphi Club; beat Bill Green, 8rds; beat by Alf Rosser in 6rds; beat Tom Snow, 8rds.

GAVE HIM A DRINK THROUGH THE KEYHOLE.

A Long Pipe and Mug of Water Overcame the Difficulty.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Having taken a little drop too much of the glass that cheers, Harry Forbes awoke to find himself on the floor with a splendid thirst; he looked for water but there was none to be found, and to add to his difficulties he found that he was a prisoner in the room, for the door was locked and the key was missing. He awakened his friend in the next room and called for assistance, but no key being forthcoming he was still a prisoner when his friend hit upon a happy idea to supply Harry's wants. Taking a long pipe he introduced the stem through the keyhole, and inserting the bowl in a mug of water succeeded in conveying to the imprisoned friend a drink.

ALARMED BY A MIDNIGHT INTRUDER.

The Would-be Burglar Had the Worst of It.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Hearing foootsteps in the passage after everyone had retired caused Mrs. Weedon to awake her sleeping husband, and being assured that there was some unwelcome visitor within their gate the gentleman slipped on his unmentionables, and followed by his faithful spouse, armed with a thick stick, descended the stairs to investigate, the pair being joined by the mother-in-law. At the foot of the stairs a figure tried to rush past them, when the lady quickly brought the stick into play; but the intruder stopped for no repairs, but threatening them with a pistol managed to make good his escape.

JEM BELCHER'S COLOURS.

"He wore a Belcher!" was the common expression when describing some person's personal appearance. One of the confederates, Burke and Hare, who were hung for the murder of the little Italian boy, and whose waxen figures ornament the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussauds, was described as wearing a Belcher. All shades and conditions of men have worn Belchers, from costermongers to corinthians. Then what is a Belcher? This the sporting public have been asking for a series of years. Some twenty years ago the question was propagated in a sporting Sunday paper, and a gentleman living in the neighbourhood of Highbury pleaded guilty to the soft impeachment of having one in his possession, which he described, but his description only caused confusion to be worse confounded. In the fight between Jem Belcher and "Hen" Pearce (the "Game Chicken"), which took place on a nobleman's estate near Doncaster, both men are reported to have tied their colours to the stakes. Belcher's are described as a white striped yellow, and Pearce's the blue bird's-eye Some years ago we came into possession of "Some Volumes of the Fancy," a work edited by Pearce Egan, date 1823. This work gives pictures of the Fancy, and Bill Eales appears with a yellow kerchief with white spots, while in the prose, descriptive of the fight, the statement is made that Bill Eales fought in the Belcher colours, a yellow ground with white spots. When Harry Harry, of Bristol, fought Nat Smith at the National Sporting Club, it was stated that Harry Harry wore Jem Belcher's colours. As a searcher after facts we wrote to Harry Harry's backer as to the pattern, and he replied saying the celebrated kerchief had a yellow ground with diamond spots. As Jem Belcher at nineteen years of age became champion of England and entirely revolutionised the slow, ponderous style of boxing then in evidence, he was the darling of the Fancy, and the Belcher, or yellowman, as the kerchief was variously called, was much in vogue when the linen collar was not an institution of this country. All sorts and conditions of persons having written us concerning this famous kerchief, we should say there are three put forward in evidence, viz., the yellow ground with white stripes, the yellow ground with round white spots, and the one in which Harry Harry, of Bristol, fought Nat Smith, of London, with yellow ground and diamond spots. Personally we should credit the one in which Bill Eales fought, and of which a representation is given in the plate of the "Fancy," a yellow ground with round white spots. Quoting from an old sporting work, entitled "Every Gentleman's Manual," by Pierce Egan, the writer says, "Belcher was the first that introduced the *yellow* handkerchief in the ring, afterwards so universally called a 'Belcher.'"

A MADMAN MURDERS HIS SWEETHEART.

Terrible Tragedy at Lille, in France.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A terrible tragedy occurred at Lille, in France, through the jealous act of a madman. A young and pretty girl had been keeping company with a student. The latter failed to pass the necessary examinations, and this unhinged his mind, and matters went worse when he and his sweetheart quarrelled. For some time they were parted, but he again sought her company, and induced his victim to take a walk in the woods. Before the girl was aware of his intentions he drew a razor across her throat, and the girl fell dead. He then severed her head from her body and held it aloft. A man who was near saw the whole tragedy, which did not occupy more than two minutes, and it was he who gave information which caused the man's arrest. He is said to be quite insane.

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One bottle will remove that tired and all-gone feeling.
Two or three bottles will cure those ugly pimples on the face.
Three bottles will cure the worst cases of canker in the mouth and stomach.
One to three bottles will cure all humours in the eyes.
Three to five bottles will cure salt-rheum.
Six bottles will cure the worst cases of dropsy.
Three to six bottles will cure dyspepsia in its worst state.
Five to seven bottles will cure that dreadful disease, scrofula.
Three to four bottles will cleanse your system of boils.
Three to four bottles have cured the worst cases of erysipelas.
One bottle will cure nursing sore mouth.
Three to six bottles will literally dig up and drive from your blood all hidden humour.
One to three bottles will regulate the bowels.
One bottle will remove webs and dots before the eyes, and cure dizziness, &c.
Three or four bottles will cure the worst cases of piles.
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One bottle will cure wakefulness and lack of energy.
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One bottle will give you a hearty appetite and increased digestion.
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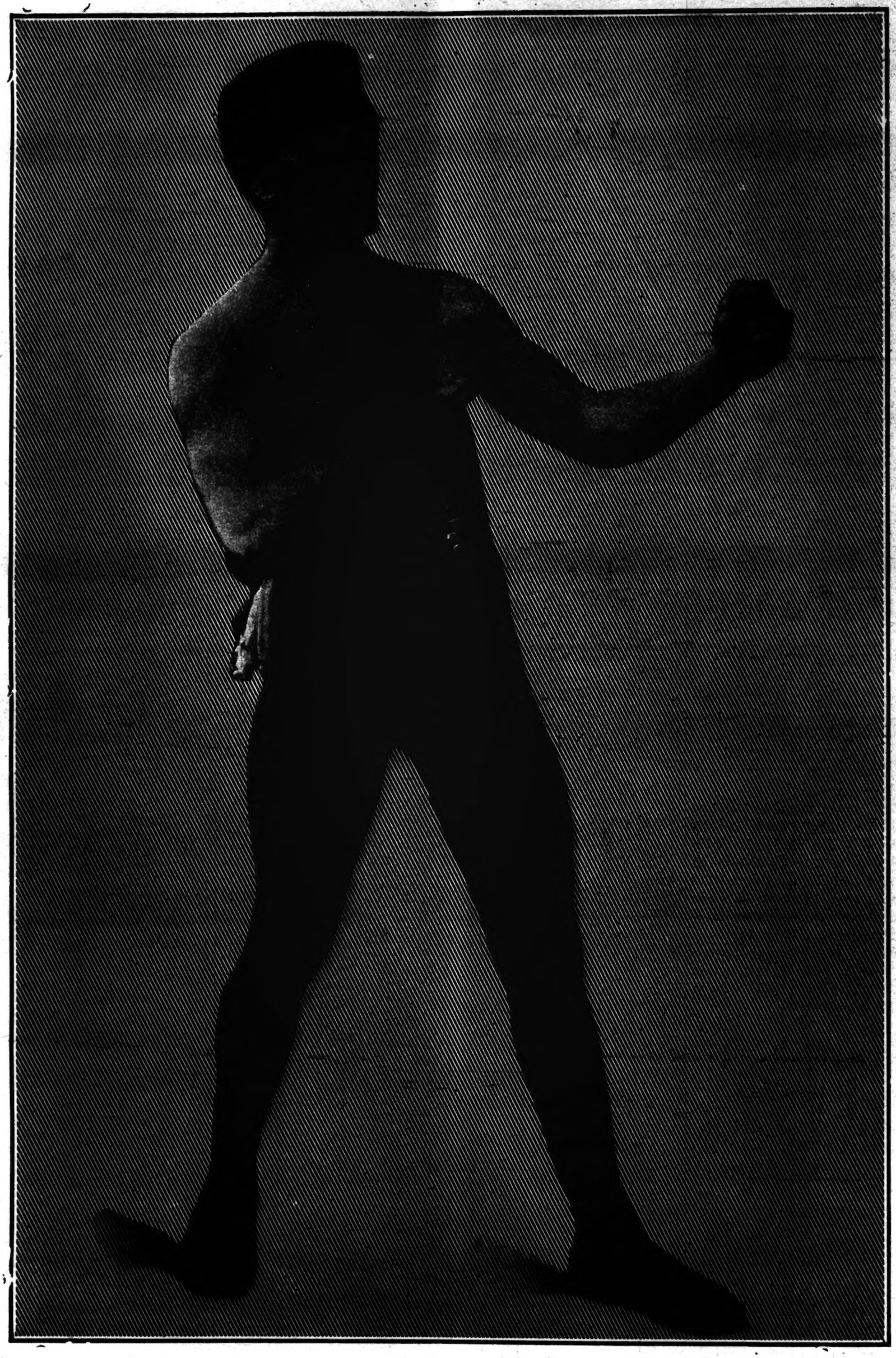

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